



50+ Volume #25 - 2009. Published every six weeks in the United States and Canada by Blair Publishing, Inc. Contents copyright 2009 by Blair Publishing, Inc., 5556 S. Fort Apache Rd., #110, Las Vegas, NV 89148. All rights reserved. Contents may not be reprinted in whole or in part without the written permission of the publisher. The records required by Title 18, U.S. Code 2257 (a) through (c) and the pertinent regulations 28 C.F.R., Ch. 1, Part 75. 50+ and all materials associated with such records are maintained by Blair Publishing, Inc. Director of Research and Custodian of Records, M. Stone, at 5556 S. Fort Apache Rd., #110, Las Vegas, NV 89148 and are available for inspection and review by the Attorney General at reasonable times. Any similarity between people and places in this magazine and real people and places is purely coincidental. The words, descriptions, quotes and scenarios depicted and presented in the pictorials do not describe the models actual behavior, thoughts or conduct. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited graphic and editorial material, and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters become the property of 50+ magazine or its editors are assumed to be intended for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for such purposes. Editorial offices: Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave., #422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All models appearing in this magazine are 18 years of age or older. PRINTED IN CANADA.

Reserva:

04-2006-051710263200-20. ISSN: 1552-0117

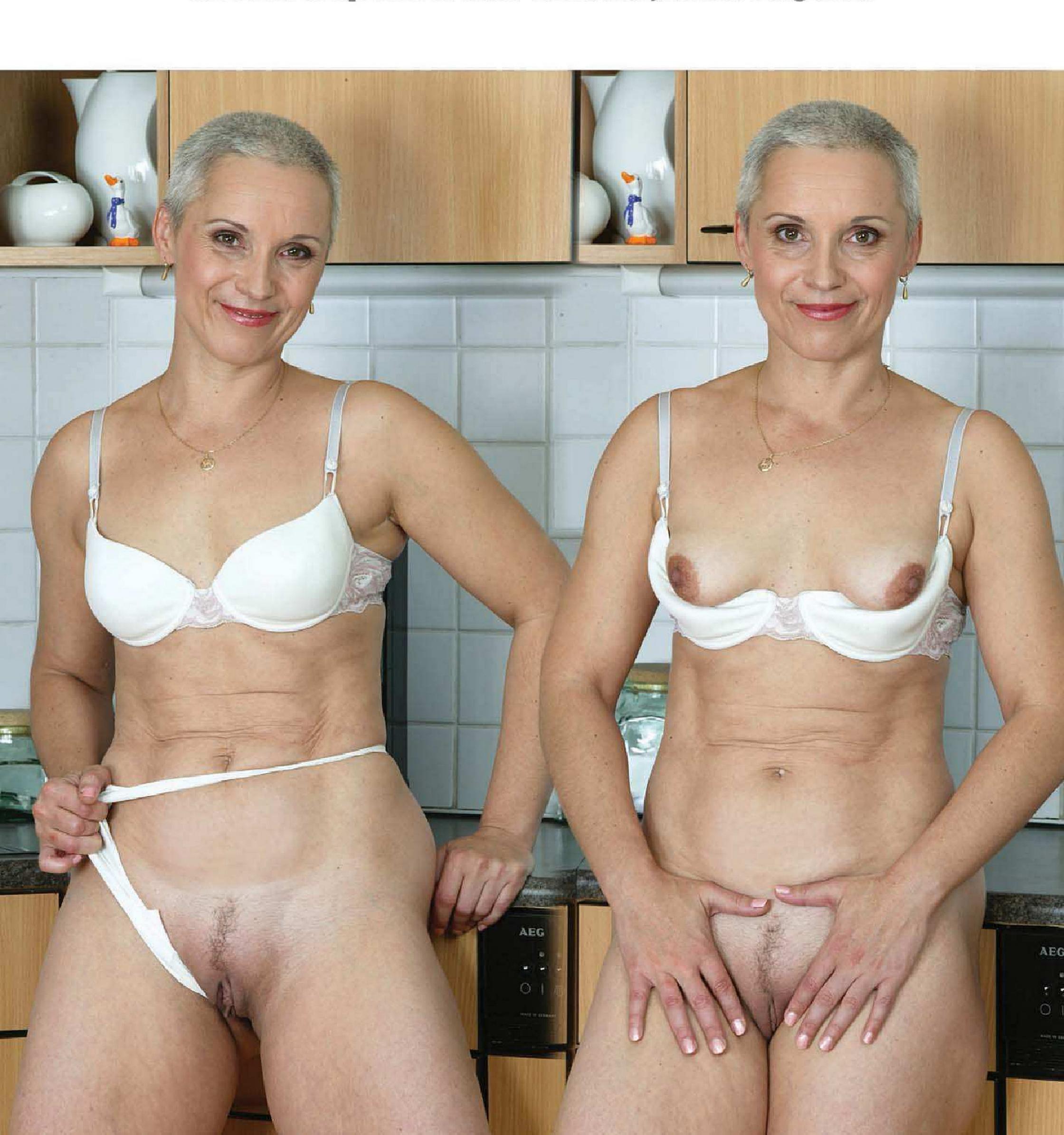
Publisher: Royce Martine Editorial Director: James Fillmore Art Director: Franklin Monroe Senior Editor: Calvin Harding Photography Editor: Millie Wilson





THE ENGINEER WELLER

I love my kitchen. I love the smells that come out of it. I can't wait to serve up something my husband likes. He likes to spread it wide and then just dive right in.





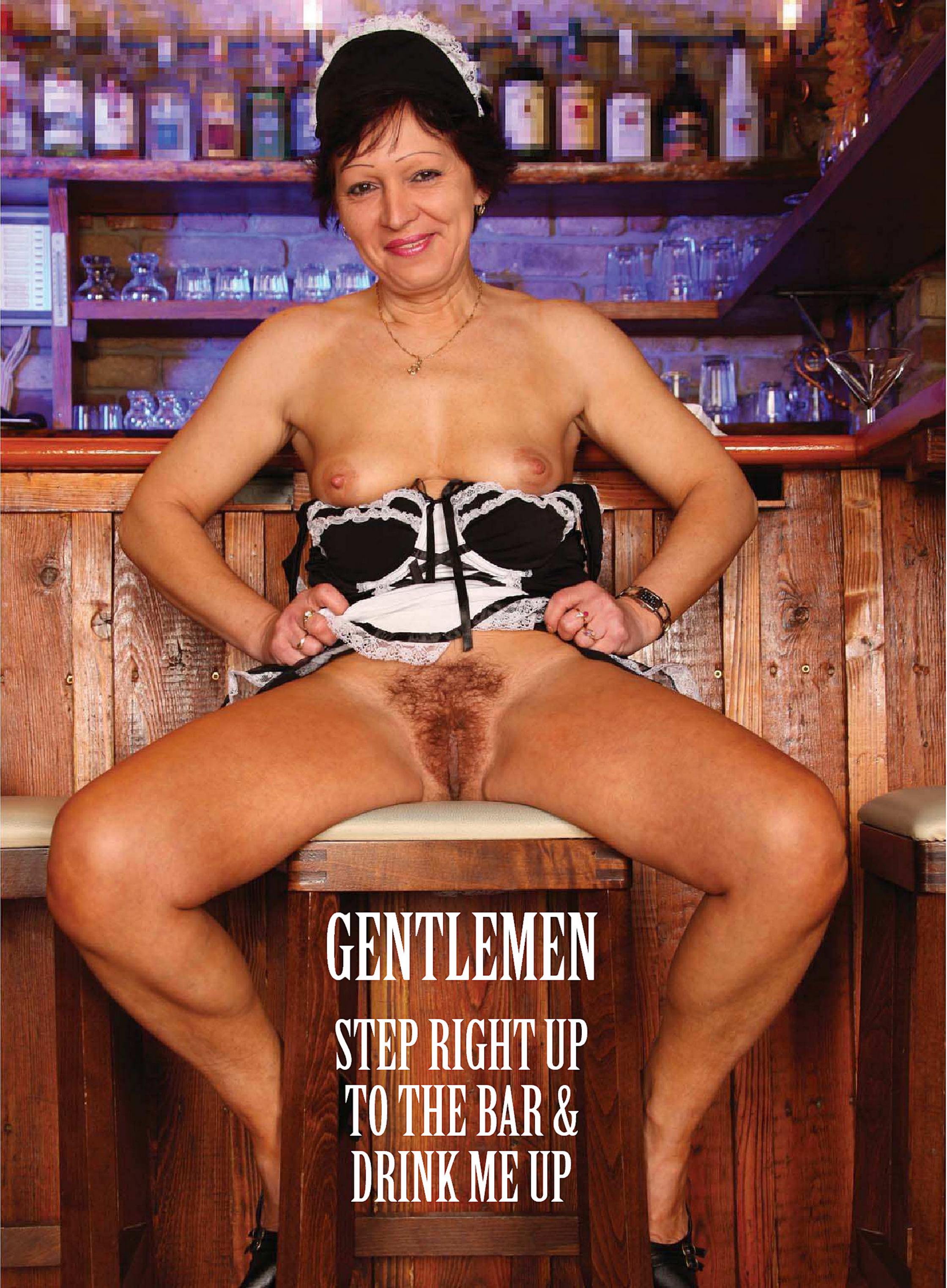












LOVE SERVING GENTLEMEN. THEY ARE THE BEST KIND OF CUSTOMER. THEY KNOW WHAT THEY WANT AND ORDER IT RIGHT UP. ONE RAINY NIGHT A GENTLE-MAN CAME INTO THE BAR WHO LOOKED SO SAD. HE SAID HIS WIFE WANTS TO LEAVE HIM. I FELT BAD FOR HIM. ASKED WHAT HE WANTED, BUT | KNEW. SO | CLOSED THE BAR DOWN AND POURED HIM A DRINK. WITH ALL THE CUSTOMERS GONE, IT WAS JUST HIM AND ME. REACHED BEHIND THE BAR AND PULLED OUT A BIG LONG ...





BLACK DILDO AND ASKED IF THIS WAS GOING TO MAKE HIM FORGET HIS WIFE FOR A FEW HOURS. HE LOOKED AT ME AND SAID IT WOULD. TOOK IT AND BEGAN TO LICK IT ENTICINGLY IN FRONT OF HIM. HE WATCHED INTENTLY AS I PUT IT NEAR MY PUSSY. ASKED IF HE WANTED TO HELP BUT HE SAID HE WOULD RATHER WATCH. PUT THE HEAD IN JUST ENOUGH TO SPREAD MY PUSSY LIPS JUST A LTTLE BIT. | TEASED HIM WITH SMALL MOVEMENTS **EXPOSING A LITTLE** PINK THEN HIDING IT, AND THEN EXPOSING IT AGAIN. PEEK-A-BOO.





LEANED BACK AGAINST THE COUNTER AND SPREAD MY LEGS EVEN WIDER. HE WATCHED AS | SHOVED THE DILDO DEEPER IN MY TWAT PUMPING THE BLACK ROD AS HE TOOK A SIP OF HIS DRINK. MOANED LOUDLY AS PUSHED THE DILDO IN HARD. THE SQUISHY SOUNDS WERE TURNING ME ON AND, APPAR-ENTLY, HIM TOO. | HEARD HIS ZIPPER COME DOWN AND THE RUSTLING OF FABRIC AS HE PULLED HIS ROCK HARD COCK OUT AND BEGAN TO SQUEEZE AND STROKE IT UP AND DOWN.





TURNED OVER TO GET ON MY KNEES SO HE COULD GET A GOOD VIEW OF MY ASS AS | KEPT RAMMING THAT HUGE NINE INCH BLACK DICK INTO MY PUSSY HOLE. THE SIGHT OF HIM JERKING OFF TO ME WAS WILDLY EXCITING AND CAME ALL OVER THAT RUBBER COCK. HE WAS STROKING HIMSELF SO FAST THE BAR BEGAN TO SHAKE. HE LET OUT A BIG YES AS HE CAME AND GRABBED HIS DRINK TO LET IT GUSH IN. HE PUT HIMSELF BACK IN HIS PANTS AND I TOLD HIM TO GO HOME TO HIS WIFE. THINK | HELPED HIM.





















40+: Lorie, thank for taking a minute out of your busy schedule to talk with us. **Lorie:** It's my pleasure.

40+: You have a slight accent. Is it British? **Lorie:** Yes it is. I was born in London and moved to the states about 15 years ago.

40+: And you're living in Boston now? **Lorie:** Yes, I moved here about six years ago after living in New York.

40+: Why Boston?

Lorie: Well, I got married and he was from here so we moved back. I really like it here. The winters are a bit cold, but I just stay inside and snuggle with my hubbie as much as I can and his work allows us.

40+: Does he know that you've posed for pictures in the past, as well as now?

Lorie: Oh, he loves it and is very supportive.

As a matter of fact, that's how we met. He was catering a photo shoot.

40+: And so you married the caterer. **Lorie:** Not that fast. I didn't see him for a few years; and then in a shoot in Brooklyn, he showed up to cater the shoot and he had his wife with him at the time. I saw him at lunch break and we started talking again and hit it off. As the day ended, I wanted to tell him how much I liked his food so when they were packing up I went over to compliment him, and he gave me his number. I though that was a bit inappropriate since he was married, but I kept it anyway.

40+: Somehow, you must have called him because now you're together.

Lorie: Yes, but it took a while. I was starting to hate New York and feeling homesick for London. On a lark, I called him one night, just

to talk and take my mind off things, and he answered. He said he and his wife had split up because she met someone on a photo shoot and split with him. How ironic because here I was calling him. We talked for hours. I told him I had done some topless modeling in England. That I was a Page 3 girl for The Sun. He hadn't heard of that so I explained that on page three in this British tabloid is a photo of a pretty girl, topless. He was amazed.

40+: How soon afterwards did you hook up. **Lorie:** What do you mean by hook up — did we have sex or did we meet again?

40+: Both.

Lorie: Oh you're good. We got together for a dinner date in SoHo that weekend. It was in a small Italian restaurant. Very romantic. After dinner, and after a few bottles of Merlot, we kinda stumbled to his apartment. I crashed on the bed and he slept on the sofa. I woke up with a headache, and he was so sweet fixing me a great cup of coffee. We talked even more over a great breakfast he made and then I just started kissing him. First to thank him, but it became more intimate and hotter.

40+: Care to elaborate?

Lorie: I guess that evening he took off my dress but left my bra and panties on as he put me to bed. In the morning he had laid a robe by the side of the bed and I put it on before going out to the kitchen. Over breakfast, I felt my robe kinda slip open a little but I did not even bother to close it. I had my bra on. After we kissed for a while, I felt his hand slip down and undo the belt of the robe and pull it off my shoulders. He kissed my shoulders and neck and that started to drive me wild.

I too kissed his neck and chest. He was only wearing his pajama bottoms. Almost without thinking, my hand slipped down his pjs and grabbed his cock. I don't think I ever saw, or felt, a man get has hard as quickly as he did. By now he was undoing my bra in the back and my boobs fell out of the bra and into his hands. (Lorie pauses as if to say she has said too much.)

40+: Don't be shy; our readers would love to hear more.

Lorie: Righty then. I'll go on, but I have to leave out some of the details.

40+: Fine. Whatever you're comfortable with. **Lorie:** Well, he started kissing my breasts. They are so sensitive and my nipples get really hard. But his dick was even harder. I made him stand up and went down on my knees and started to kiss his cock. I pulled his pjs down to his ankles and grabbed his balls in the same motion. I pulled on them as I sucked the head and licked the shaft. I moved my head back and forth on his cock, sucking in rhythm to the background music, and he exploded in my mouth. I was surprised because I didn't even feel it coming. He quickly apologized, but I looked up and said it was great. He said let's take a shower together and we raced each other to his bathroom. Gosh, I sound like a porn movie script. 40+: I think I may need a cold shower after this interview. (Lorie laughs.)

Lorie: This is where I think I should stop and you should use your imagination. I'll just finish by saying that we took a nice long shower together and never left his apartment the rest of the day.

















Sunshine
girl Angela
gets an all
over tan

Augel

I'm not that much of an angel. I like fast rough sex and the more often I can get it the better. I feel that I missed out on a lot of it when I was younger, so now my motor's revved and I'm hot to trot! I was the bookworn through college and only dated a few guys and only slept with one of them. There were a couple guys at the office that I messed around with, but we never fucked. I would go into the copy room and give them hand jobs because I couldn't mess up my lipstick at the office.





In my thirties I worked on a cruise ship, and while the crew was getting on with each other - and the passengers, I was in my bunk bed reading the cruiseship manual. The purser would come on to me. He would ask me to help him count the money and a couple times, after we finished, he hinted that he deserved a bj. I finally gave in and gave him a not-too-sloppy blow job, but he didn't seem very pleased. After that I decided that I would have to learn to give better head and that became my only mission.



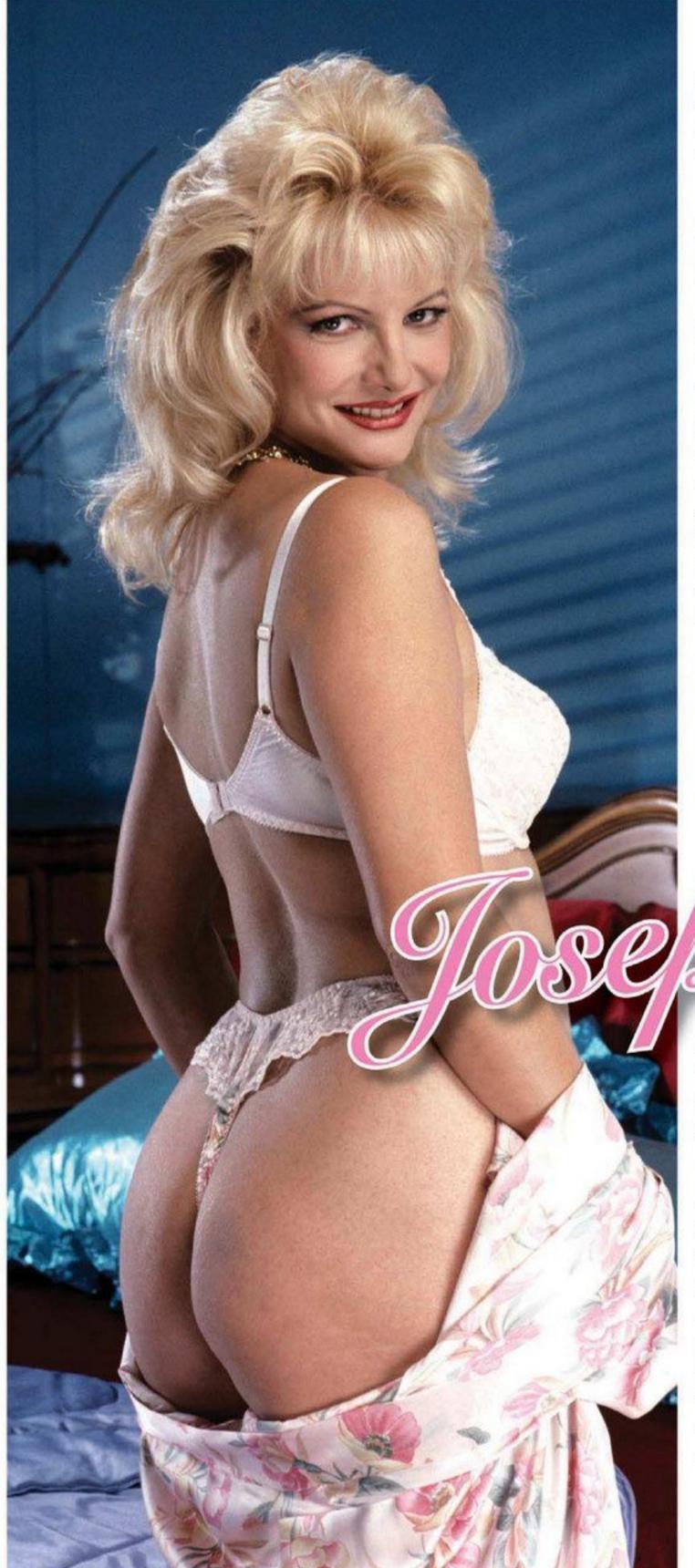


On my fortieth birtday, my best friend set me up on a blind date with a local rock star. Strangely, we hit it off. While he looked the part, he did not act it. He was sweet, attentive and ulimately I found out he was a great lover. He was ten years younger than me but that seemed just right, He made me feel young, but even better, he had the sexual stamina to keep up with my years of pent up frustration that I exloded all over him every chance I could. I got tats and pierced like him; and I'm even doing nude modeling now. Baby, look at me now!









Editorial Director James Filmore met Josephine for the first time at her photo shoot. They spent a fascinating hour together. Here's his interview with this lovely lady.

When you came through the door, I was expecting someone older. Like Grandma Moses?

Not exactly, but nothing like you. I'll take that as a compliment.

You should, you're a fox. Are you really 50?

I am. My fiftieth was four months ago.

That's a milestone. May I ask how you celebrated it?

Well, I was taken out to dinner by my boyfriend and my daughter to a really fine restaurant in Manhattan.

My daughter just had a baby but I'm not ready to be called a grandmother!

My daughter left just before dessert came. I think they planned it that way. And that was fine with me. Robert and I lingered at the table for a while, then went back to my apartment and drank champagne on the balcony.

That sounds very romantic.

Yes, It was just as I like it. Mellow with the man I love, sitting together and enjoying life and love.

I noticed you said Robert is your boyfriend. How long have you been together?

Yes, He's wonderful. I feel very lucky to have him. We've been an item for about six years now. My husband...

> interview continued after the pictorial





















Mosephine

passed about eight years ago. He had a heart attack at 45 from the stress his job gave him. I didn't take it well and was really depressed for a year.

And that's when you met Robert?

Yes, believe it or not, I met him in the produce section of the supermarket. I had dropped some tomatoes and he stopped to help me pick them up. This time he just continued on shopping, but I saw him again about a month later in the same market and thanked him for helping me last time. He was very courteous and I asked if I could buy him a cup of coffee to thank him. He agreed, and the rest, as they say, is history.

You asked him for coffee? That's pretty forward of you.

I have no problem asking a man for anything. I believe that you have to go after what you want and as long as it doesn't hurt anyone then that's fine.

I heard you were pretty straightforward, and I like that in a woman. Does that apply to your sex life too?

I wondered when you were going to get around to that.

Well, this is 50+ magazine and our readers want to know.

I'm happy to tell them what I think.

Not all women think the way I do, but
I'm happy with myself and it shows in
the bedroom too.

Were you always this confident with your sexuality?

No always, but I wasn't too far off from what I am today. I believe that sex is a healthy part of life and you should do it with the way you want it done to you. I don't think you can be reserved with a man. People are sexual animals and we women have to recognize that. Men don't always have to be the aggressor. Women don't always have to be passive. When I want something sexually, I have learned to tell my man and he respects that and does what I ask of him. Along the same lines, I must then do what he asks.

That's very diplomatic – and wise of you.

It's not that necessarily. It's more like, respect for each others sexuality. If I want my pussy licked, I'll tell him. I'll tell him when, how and for how long. I don't bark out instructions, but rather, it's part of foreplay, of our lovemaking. Like when we're all cuddly, I'll whisper that I love the way he licks me. I'll tell him how I love it when he goes down and opens my legs and then my labia and starts off real slow. That is usually all it takes to get the hint.

Very cool. And how does he tell you what he likes?

Well, with Robert, it took a while. He was not quite comfortable with sex talk at all but he has gotten used to me and now he does it too, For example, we'll be driving on the freeway and he'll say that He's been thinking of me in this pink outfit I have that he likes, and that his pants are getting tighter. That's my cue to release his johnson from his pants. I'll playfully comment that it's not safe to do that on the freeway and he'll say we're only going 5 mph in the traffic jam, and it would make the time go by faster. I unzip him and go down on him. Sometimes people see us.



How do you two handle communication in the bedroom?

That's a process that takes time. It takes a willingness on both partners part to express their wants and for the other to help fulfill them. I'm not talking about fantasies or role-playing but how to touch, how to kiss, how to fuck. It makes sex more pleasurable and bonds us as people.

You almost sound spiritual in your reasoning.

It's kind of spiritual if you say "ooohmmm" during sex, but we don't. We just get it on as we want. As we both want. As we each want. There was one time we were about to make love in the living room. The lights were low, the music was slow and so was I. I had been trying to make a creme bruleé in the kitchen and it was taking too long for Robert. We both were nude so the anticipation was there. He yelled (nicely) to me to forget about it, his dick needed my attention more than the oven. I came out with only an apron on and a rubber spatula in my hand and threatened to use it



I had been trying to make a creme bruleé in the kitchen and it was taking too long for Robert. He yelled to me to forget about it, his dick needed my attention more than the oven. I came out with only an apron on and a rubber spatula in my hand and threatened to use it on him.

on him. He said his boys had been bad and they needed a good spanking. I walked over to him, told him to push his cock against his stomach and I began to spank his balls. I did it lightly of course. Then I hit his hand that was holding his cock and told him to let go. I grabbed it and began to slap at it with the spatula too. I rubbed the rubber up and down the shaft as I held the head. He groaned in false pain, but I kept it up.

That's an interesting way to make a point. Was the spatula a part of the rest of your night?

No. After I used it on him for a while, I told him my pussy was cold so he had to warm it up. I sat on his face and ground my pussy into his face. He opened his mouth and completely surrounded my pussy lips and sucked it all in his mouth. I told him it was still cold, do he stuck his tongue in my pussy and began to lick me wildly.

I turned while sitting on his face and began to sixty-nine him. We were on the sofa when the timer for the creme bruleé went off. He grabbed the spatula I had left on the coffee table and began to slap my butt with it because I was on top. That go my blood going even more and I rubbed my pussy harder into his face. His cock was getting quite a workout from my mouth. My hands had his balls squeezed tight as a switched from his cock to his balls. Every time he slapped by butt with the spatula, I bit his shaft. We got into this strange rhythm doing this that we could tell when each other was about to cum. As we did the pace picked up till he came in my mouth and I came on his sopping wet face.

Wow, that was quite a hot story. But what happened to the creme bruleé"?

It sat in the oven for another half

hour as we basked in the afterglow. We just lay there in the same positions we had cum in. His cock limp in my mouth and his nose between my labia. Exhausted, I got up, apron still on , and went to the kitchen to get the dessert. He cleaned up the area around the sofa and we sat there, nude, splattered in each other's cum eating cold creme bruleé.

After talking to you, I don't know if I'll ever look at a spatula or eat creme bruleé the same way again.

Oh you'll can have adventures like this yourself. You just have to be into it with your partner and don't be afraid of having fun during sex. Remember, the whole world goes away when your making love. There is only you and your partner so enjoy every last minute of it. Something I didn't do with my husband, but I'm trying to do with my boyfriend.

















Letters From Our Readers

Comments on the magazine, the sexy ladies, and their thoughts on sex. These are real letters from our readers who let it all hang out!

(Ed – Even we can't make this stuff up)

For Betty at 50+ Magazine,

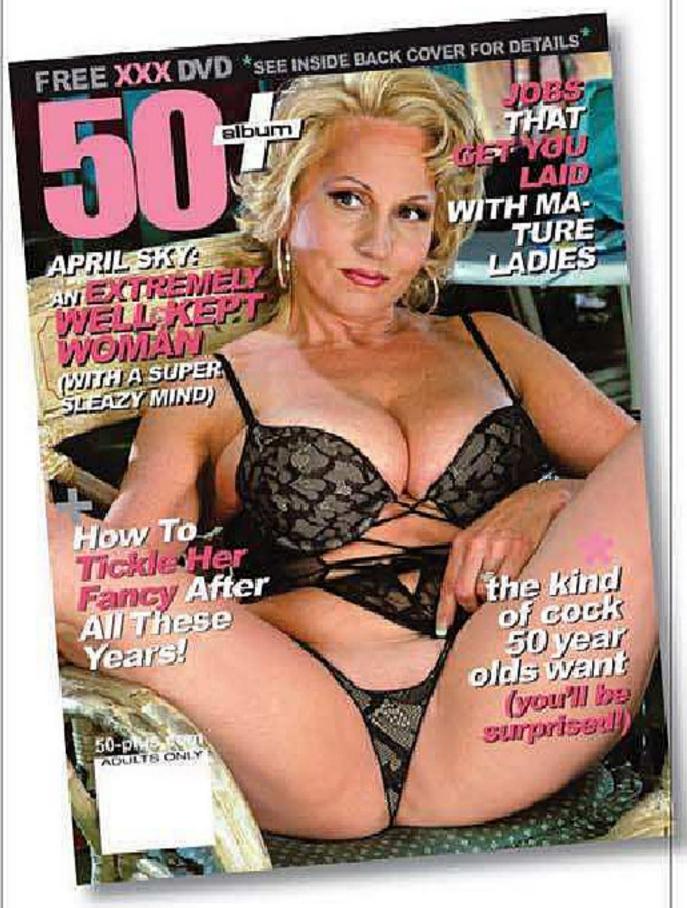
Dear Ms. Betty,

I would like to know from you like how do you make love to a total lady like yourself for hours and hours. Like to know from the best. I would love for you to teach me how to make longlasting romance with you only. My goddess of my world right now. I, Michael, am forty years old, black man, black hair, brown eyes. Single man for two years now. 6' 9" tall 250 pounds. Very lonely now. I need an older lady in my life now so we can build on a long term relationship together. So we can get to know each other. For a long time to come. Do you like for men to shop for you and cook for you and clean the home, and give you a total body massage, all over your body, my lover.

I would like to know do you like a tall man that can last for hours in hot, wet, long foreplay and total romance so we both can cum together for the rest of our lives together. Do you have some time off so we can spend some time together, my love. Do you love for your man to get down on his knees and kiss you from your head to your toes for hours; and you do like to be pampered all the day and night. So we can get to know each other for a lifetime, because I'm looking for a true lady to make me a happy man right now. And know you are the only woman that want in my life now. I would like to know is how tall are you and do you like a tall man, my lover, that I want to spend the rest of my life with. You sweetheart?

I would like to know if you like for a

man to suck and lick your nipples for hours before we start to make long, wet lovemaking for hours until we are both very wet all night long the one thing that I love to do to you are a true sexy lady. I love to go down and eat you until you cum on my tongue for a very long time. Miss sweet, hot, sexy, beautiful Betty, I would like to know how long does it take for you to climax when you're making slow, long, hot, wet lovemaking with a man or woman. I would love to see you in person



Fan favorite April Sky graces a 50+ cover and makes a sizzling pictorial return in 50+ #23. Be sure to check these pages for fan letters and more pictures of this sexy senior.

or can we write through the mail and send each other mail at times, my love because I am single man for three years because I have not found the right lady to make me happy. I know you are the right woman for me now, Miss Betty. I love to make slow long romance lovemaking with you now Miss Betty.

I want us to be more than friends my love because I need a lady in my life now. I want a sexy perfect hot goddess like you, Miss Betty. Miss Betty will you write me back and let me know what you want for the holiday coming around the corner next month, my lover. Tell me what are your sizes you wear in jeans, teddie, bra, panties, shirt, high heel shoes, ring, jacket, dress, skirt, tell me so I can send you something sweet my sexy, hot lady that I'll love to come for a long time.

Michael, Delaware

Dear 50+ April 13, 09

Sweet little Connie pixie little MILF. Rose my cock to full attention such a cute round face what smiling red lips How my cock aches for the touch of Connie's lips around my shaft. Sucking down my hard dick deep down between her red lips. With my dick good and wet lay this hot little pixie down. Push my wet dick between her awesome tits. Pressing Connie's tits to envelope my hard dick pumping Connie's sweet titties till I blow my load all over Connie's sweet face.

Making my way down south of the border to Connies sweet bushy pussy. Spreading Connie's legs wide so I can dive between her creamy thighs open her pink petal lips to suck on her hot wet clit.

Sucking on Connie's pink love button, tasting sweet pussy nectar, playing with her love hole sucking sweet clit cum for me Connie, Squirt love juices from your hot bush. Let me taste hot sweet nectar cumming from your wet bushy pussy. I want so badly for Connie to ride my dick like a bucking bronco.



Ride my dick Connie, bouncing up and down so I can play with your swaying titties as you ride my hard dick. Slow or fast, you set the pace Connie just as long as I can feel your bushy pussy against my furry ball sac. Pounding my stiff rod. Feeling hot wet pussy gripping my dick, Connie's huge floppy tits swaying to and fro. Can't hold it no more, my dick's about to blow letting loose a hot shot of jizz between Connie's pick, furry, pussy lips. Love to lay Connie down do I can spread her wonderful bushy pussy lips wide to see my hot jism shoot flow out from between her lips for a cream furry jism pussy pie.

Hope to see more of Connie, especially more shots of her furry beaver and shots of her cute ass.

Brian from New Jersey

Dear 50+

Big buxom babe Macy drove my dick crazy causing me to stroke my meat, blowing my load all over my sheets. What really drove my dick crazy is not having my dick between huge tits but fantasizing about pumping Macy's hot, tight rump. Macy's cute anal bottom shot caused my dick to pop. First what's needed is Macy's lovely big cheeks spread to the rim of her cute ass. Running my tongue up and down, side to side getting Macy's anal flower nice and wet.

Slide a finger or two inside to massage her tight brown hole, squirt in some lube to loosen up Macy's hot rump just like the hot pics Macy's legs spread wide on her back slip my dick between her cheeks. Slowly pushing my hard cock's helmet inside expanding Macy's cute brown hole as I push my dick all



Letters From Our Readers - 2

Comments on the magazine, the sexy ladies, and their thoughts on sex. These are real letters from our readers who let it all hang out!

the way down inside. Sucking on Macy's huge tits as I slam her fanny my sac bouncing off her awesome as cheeks. Hearing the sound of my lubed dick pumping ball sac, slapping ass cheeks, jiggling big tits, swaying hot flesh slapping as I pump Macy's tight ass. Feeling my load swelling inside my dick, pumping furiously, I explode shooting my hot sticky load deep between Macy's cheeks. Filling her tight rump with my hot spunk. Pumping hard to insure I give Macy's tight ass all of my hot spunk. Slip out my dick so I can watch my cum dripping out of Macy's well-fucked tight round hole. Love to watch hot jizz floe from a well-fucked bunghole. Love your mag. Hope to see more of Macy.

Dear 50+ April 6

Reader confession by Sheila Halloween party the VFW made me bust a nut. Is Sheila looks like the MILF model hottie in the article, I could definitely understand why the reporter pounded his pen in Sheila's inkpad. The cowardly lion could not resist giving some head lion dick to MILFy pussy princess Lay-Ya. Good story that hardened my dick and made me stroke it until I blew a hot cum-load all over the MILFy model's shaved hot box. The hot story of MILF on the beach made my cock ride fantasizing that it was my dick satisfying the hot big titted MILF and her big titted gal pal. Nothing is better than having two wet gushy slits and two babes hungry for cum. The uber nerd and flexi lady was great warm up story to get my dick hard for the rest of the issue. My question is who is the silverhaired cutie with the awesome rack and shaved snatch?

Brian again

Patricia Sweetheart,

Your layout in 50+ magazine is hot, hot, hot. Your tits do a job on me. I have come all over them many times. I would love to get some hot photos of you. I have never seen photos of a really big mamasita in fucking action. Really would adore for very close up photos of your tits. I dream of watching you fuck and suck and receive photos of the action.

I get a hard on just thinking about you I am curious to see you in action photos. Would also adore a big phone fuck from you! I would love to see one giant photo of you close up, highly enlarged sucking a cock. With cum all over the photo. Please send me photos (big, hot & close up of your unbelievably beautiful tits. With a hard on for you), I remain...

George from New Jersey

Dear Patricia,

I really want to talk to you. I have the hots over you. I love your smile, but I am really nuts over your tits. I also want to tell you how much pleasure I have received from your layout in 50+ magazine.

I would like to receive some hot photos of you from time to time. I dream of photos of you sucking my cock with tons of cum in the photos. I have cream over you many times and I know there will be many, many more. I have a medical problem and I can't fuck you but you can send me hot photos (XXX). You are my goddess of love and sex. I can cum just thinking about you.

I am only 4' 10" but I am nuts over you. We could establish a great relationship. I really want a really, really giant size photo (close up highly enlarged of your fabulous tits). Do big, beautiful women with super-tits fuck & suck better than smaller women. Please rush your reply with because I never felt this way before I saw your layout in 50+ magazine. The first photo set me on fire. If I were dying, my last which would be to suck your tits. I'm so hot over you I hope I don't explode.

Please send me a giant highly magnified photo of your tits, close up. I would love to watch you cream a man big time. With a hard on over you, I remain yours lovingly.

George again

Dear Patricia,

I really am nuts over you, even if I am only 4' 10". The first picture in your layout is driving me wild. You are the first zaftig model in any men's magazine who has every ounce in the right place. I would really like to see a giant, highly magnified close up of your gorgeous tits. Your big hot ass cheeks say it in a really great way. I would love to French kiss you & come in your mouth. I crave photos of you in lively action. Please reply in the enclosed envelope. This could be the start of a big lucrative relationship. I will make you very happy.

George again

If you have something to say to us, then go write ahead. You can send your letters to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them — or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.



Sandra is a homebody with a body to stay home for.

IADY INRED

Red is my favorite color. I have a bit of red in everything I wear and all around our house. My husband buys me red roses and I wear red lingerie. I even drive a red car. I love red hearts and, you guessed it, Valentine's Day is my favorite holiday. My fingernails are red, my toenails are red, and my hair is red. Well, kind of red, anyway. One time I even dyed my pubic hair red and my husband loved it. We went wild that night. We painted the town – red.





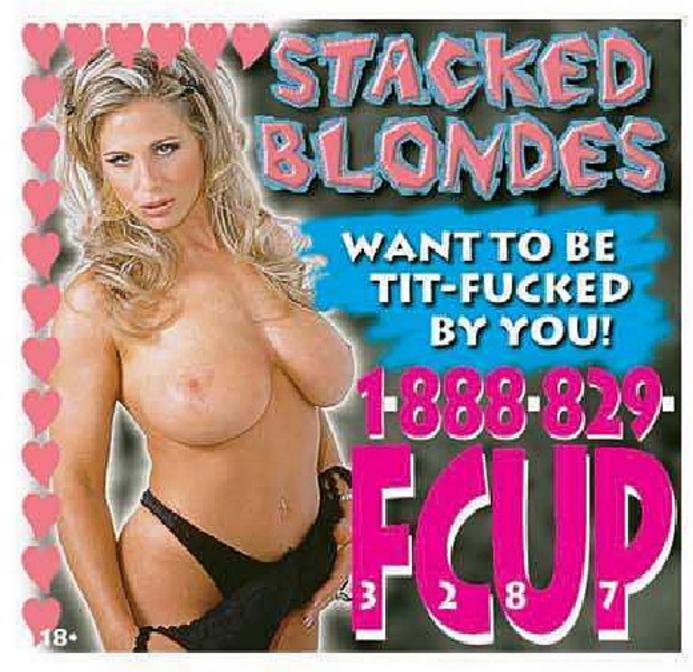




There was one time when I dressed all in pink for my husband's birthday. I had on a pink bra, pink panties, pink lipstick. I had my nails painted pink and wore pink eyeshadow. I made him a pink cake with pink frosting. When my husband came into the bedroom, I had pink lighting. I went out and bought pink satin sheets for the occasion. I even had pink champaign and pink bonbons. As he came to the bed I told him I had a little surprise for him. He looked excited to get it. I opened my legs, pulled my pussy lips apart and showed the best pink of all. When he saw it, he blushed and his cheeks turned a bright pink.











grandmas!

UIDEOS

NUDE

WE WANT



"XXXX"



DATES

SEX-STARVED YOU!

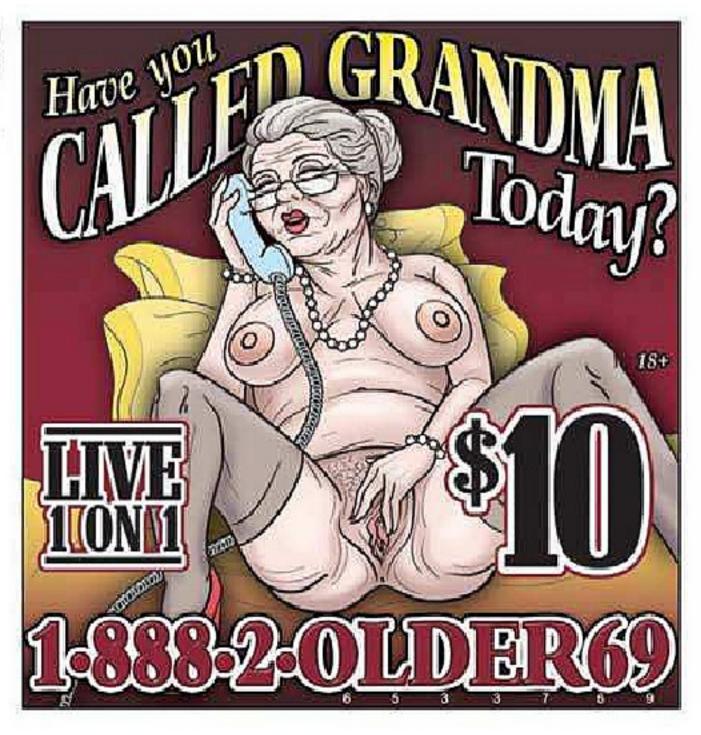
ACTION!

We're shamelessley HORNY "ladies-next-door", ages 40-80 + years. (All sizesslim to plumpers ENORMOUS tits, huge asses, giant CLITS! Sizzling VID-EOS ("xxx" action with young studs, grandpas, HUGE cocks, each other-gangbangs, pregnant breast milk, amateur striptease, public flashing-shockingly kinky-more!)Color photo sets. CONTACT/DATING lists-400 + eager women, nationwide-direct contact phone numbers. Nude, spread-pussy, photo filled catalog, with "SUIPPERY SUITS" naked Grandmas video (DVD or VHS), plus bare color photo samples \$45.00. Catalog, pic samples \$5.00

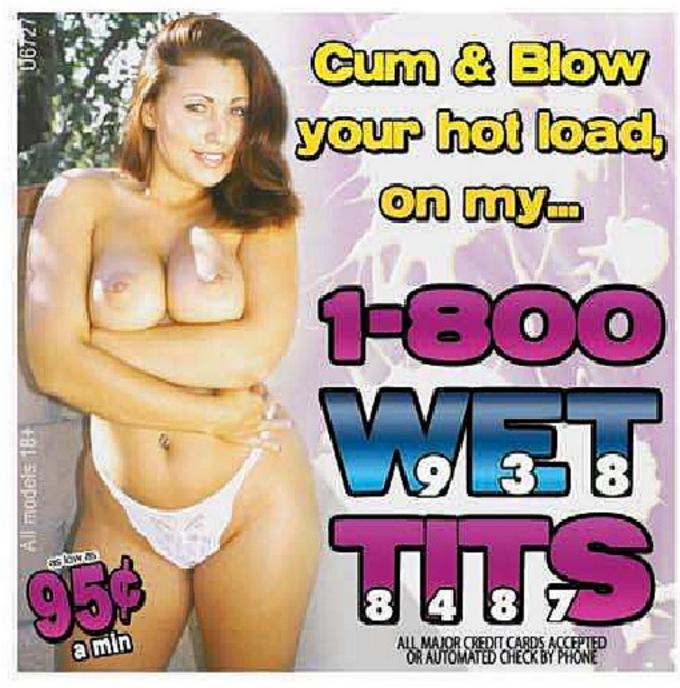
(SEND TO) MONIQUE'S

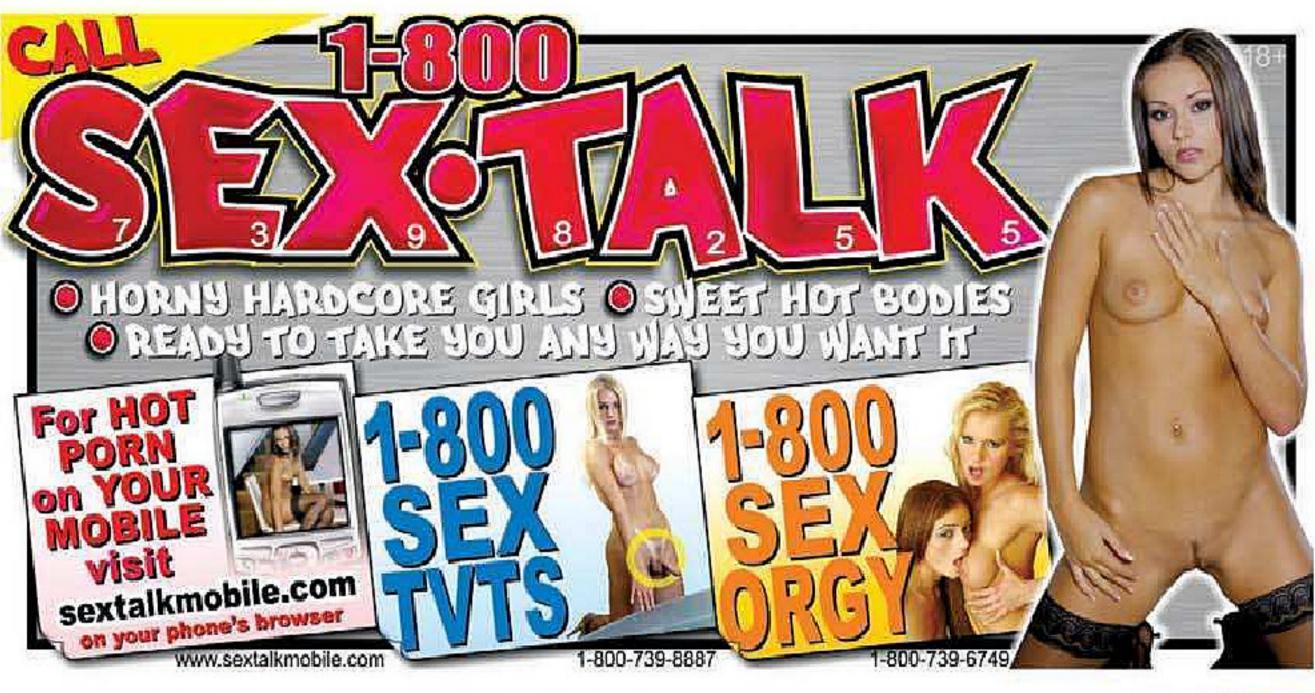
P.O. Box 2513 Menlo Park, CA 94026

Mailed discreetly-immediately with cash, Money orders O.K., checks 4 weeks. NO PRISONERS, postcards. OUTSIDE U.S. - Catalog, video \$55.00, with photos \$10.00. U.S. dollars, cash only. No certified, registered mail.





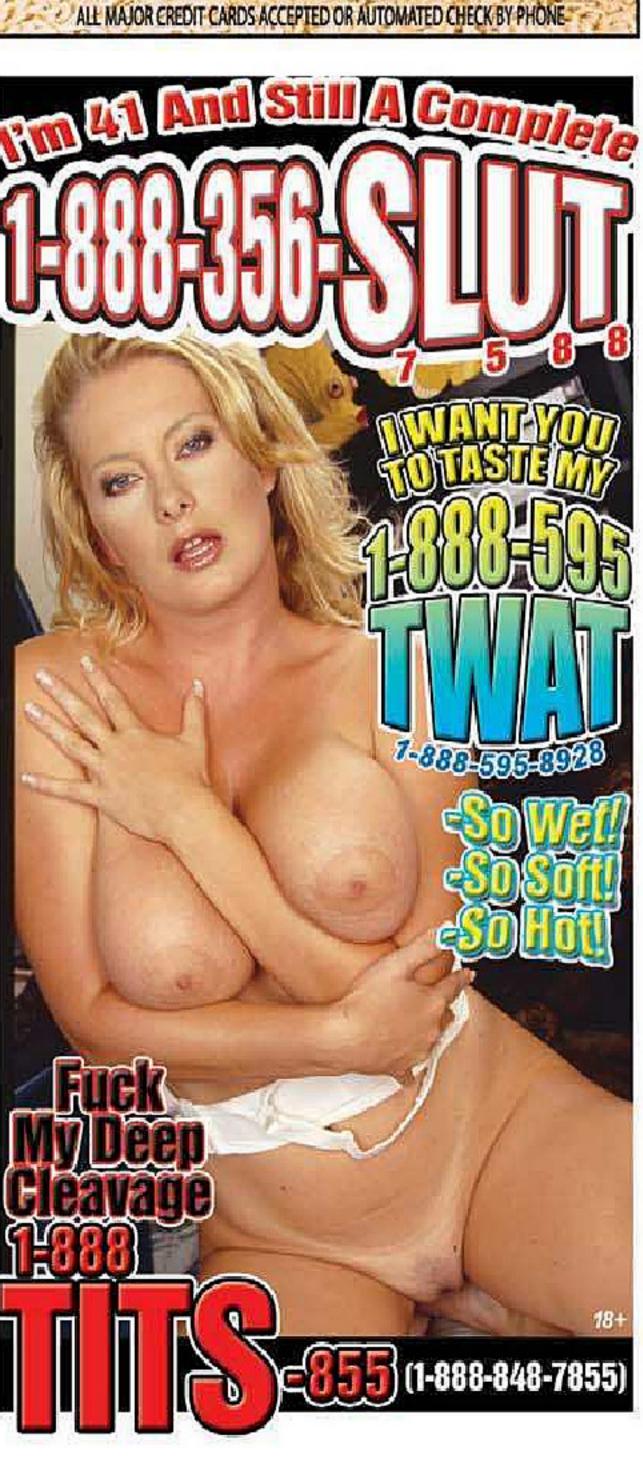
























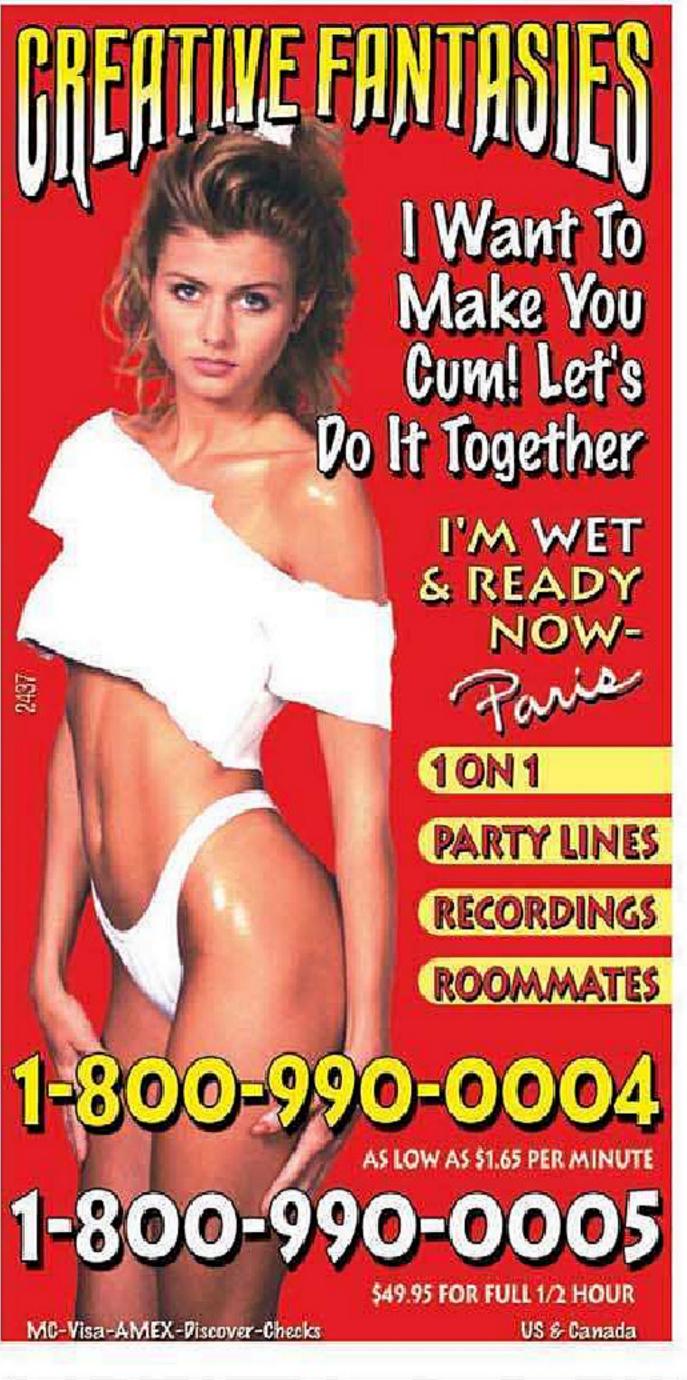














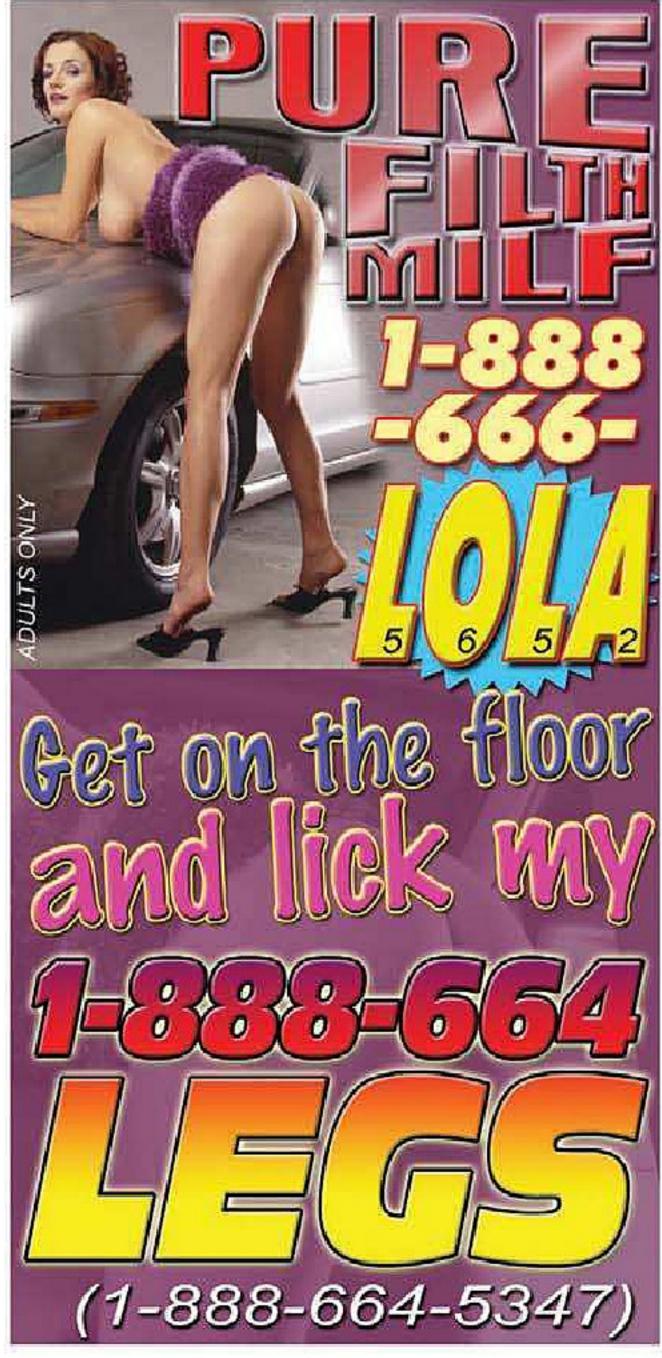
- ▶ Over 100,000 Free Erotic Stories ◀
- ▶ MILF / Mature XXX Stories ◀
- ► Free Adult Chat & Adult Forums ◀
- ► Live Webcams & Erotic Movies ◀
- ▶ Personals & Friend Locator ◀
- Over 800,000 Registered Members <</p>
- ► Over 10 Million Visitors Per Month ◀

Online Since 1998 - No popups, no spyware, just free adult fun!

www.Literotica.com



















NEW TALENT MODEL SEARCH

to feature in

30+, 40+ and 50+ Magazines

Send sample picture(s) and proof of age to:

BLAIR PUBLISHING, INC. 9030 West Sahara Avenue, #422, Las Vegas, NV 89117

fifty-plus-modelsearch@hotmail.com or forty-plus-modelsearch@hotmail.com

No previous modeling experience necessary

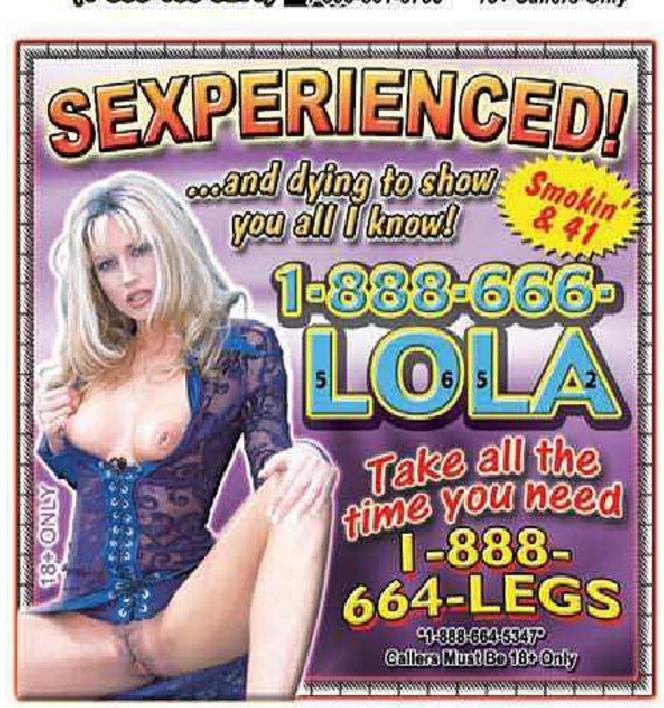














(1-800-915-4674)











DVDs - VIDEOS - PHOTOS

Over 40 HOT SLUT offers her 60 personal DVDs, Videos, Photos & personal items.



\$5.00 Catalog & Photo Set \$25.00 VHS Preview Tape \$10.00 Sample DVD SASE For Free Video list & DVD info Cash, Check or Money Order and state over 21

Jamie R. G. #R-374 28 E. Jackson, Suite 1020-D Chicago, IL 60604





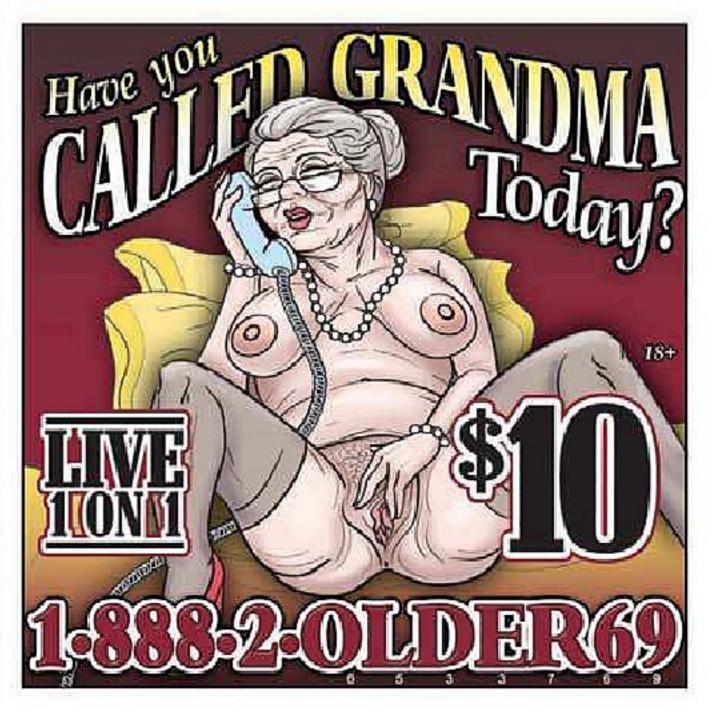


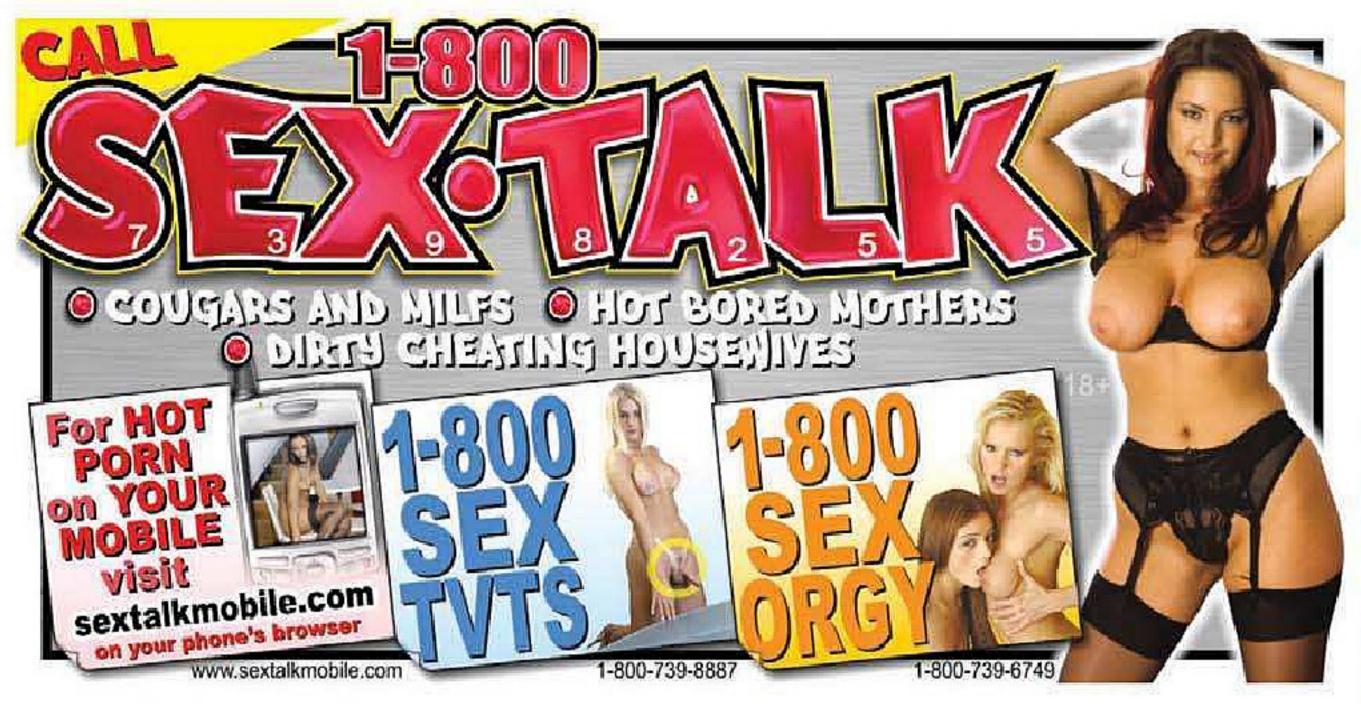
















XXX ADULT STORE

NEW RELEASES
XXX ADULT VIDEOS, DVD'S
SEX TOYS, NOVELTIES
VIDEO-ON-DEMAND

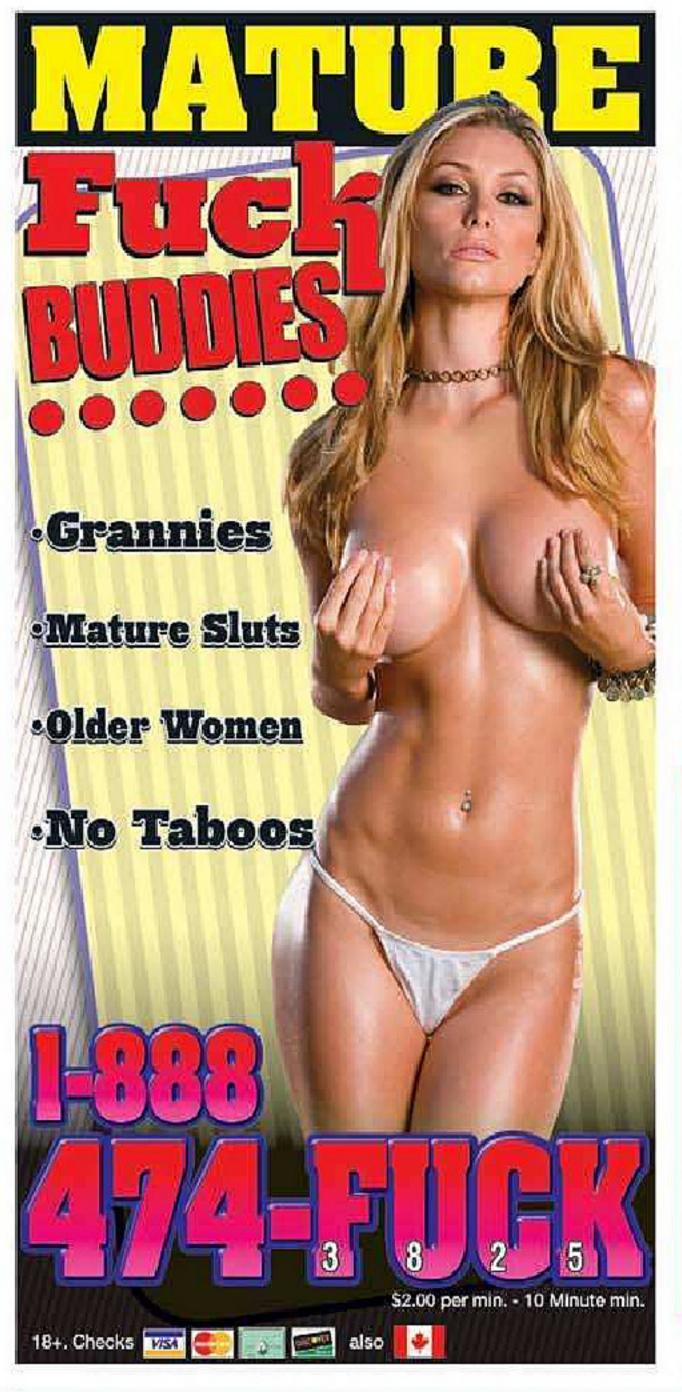
SHOPXTC.com

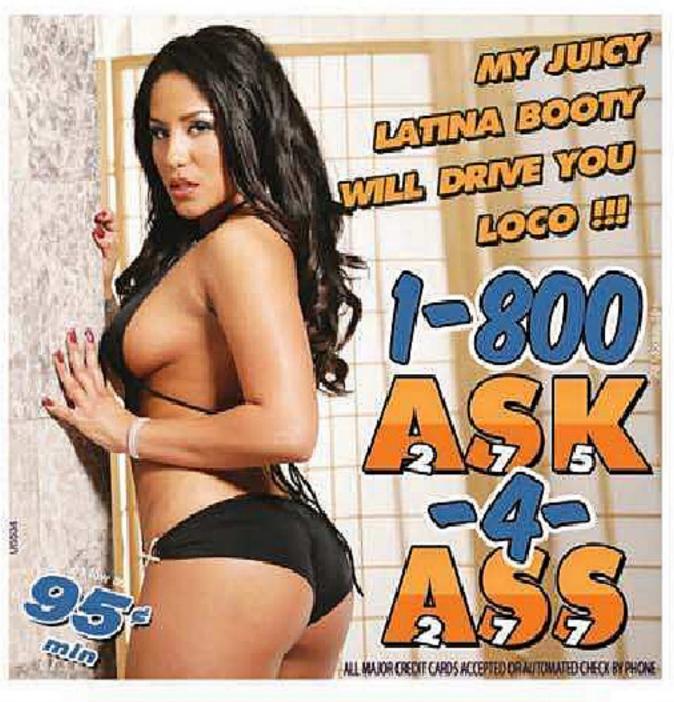
OVER 20,000 ITEMS

BEST PRICES ON THE NET! CHECK US OUT!









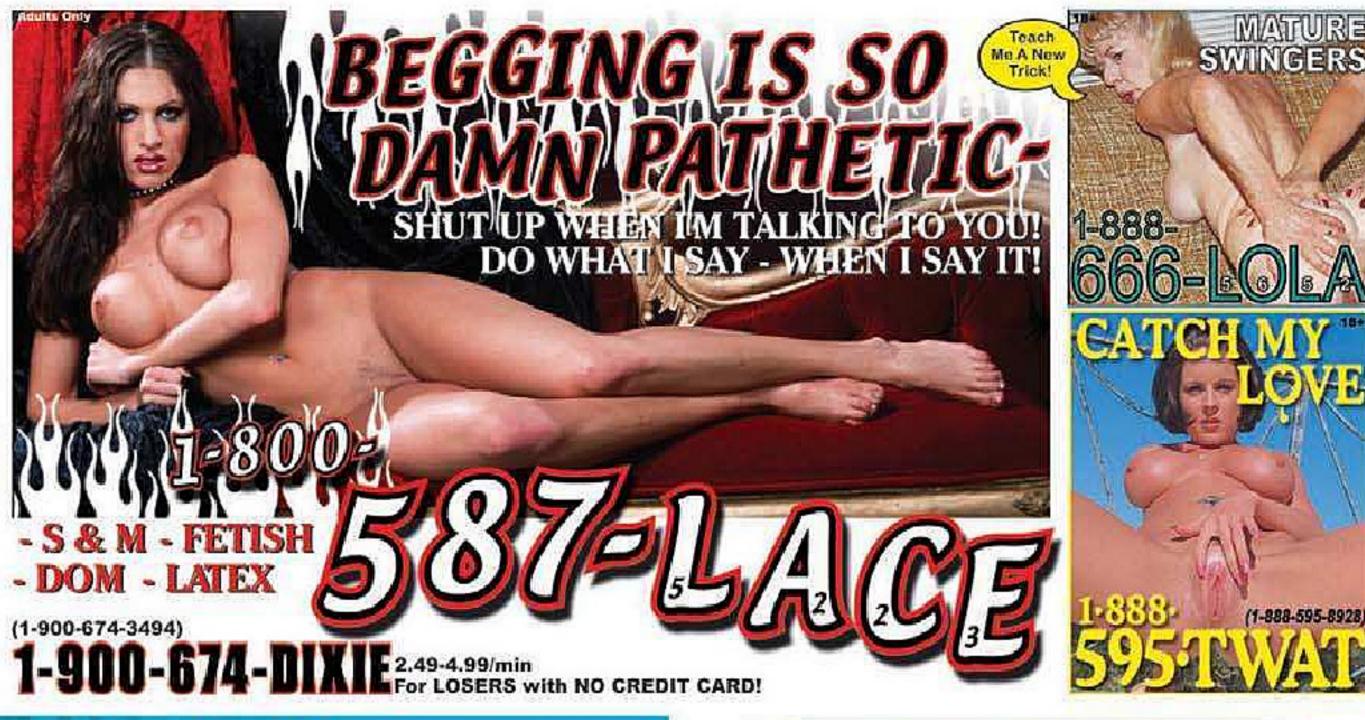




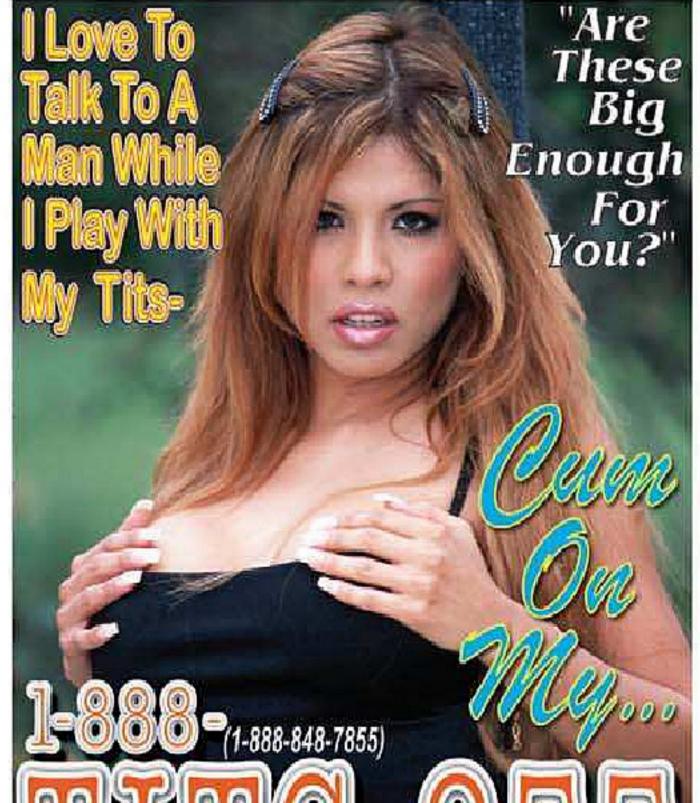








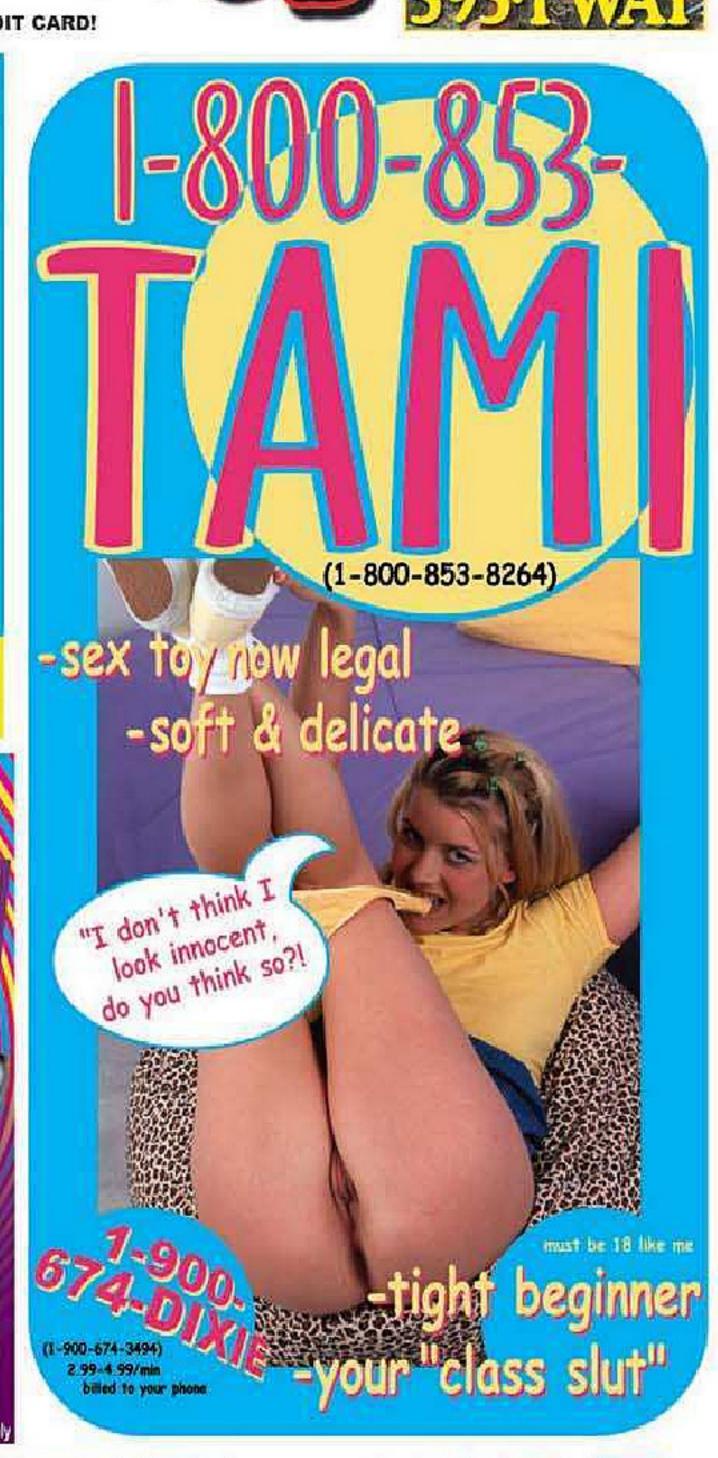












Personal and Private Services

Meet hot adult friends - NOW!

WOMEN

MATURE WOMAN

Hi, I'm a bored, blond suburban housewife who's oversexed and over stacked. My husband just can't satisfy me. He doesn't understand that a 40-something woman has lots more experience than these young bitches. Our bodies are at their highest sexual peek and we want a hard cock right now! My measurements are 38DD-25-36 and my ass is as tight as a drum. I'm looking for a stud to get me off. Can you handle that? I do everything, BJs, anal, threesomes, fetish, role playing, around-the-world - anything goes! You name your sexual kick and I'm the woman who'll satisfy you. Dare to be bad with me. Write me now. Seductively yours, Barbara B., Wilmington, DE.

30-SOMETHING SLUT

Hi, I'm not a 20-something anymore but my body still rocks and I'm more horny than ever. I need men who appreciate a girl when she starts to mature. My pussy still gets wet at the very touch of a man (or a woman). It makes me nuts that guys don't get it that we blow these young bitches away. We know how to please with our mouths, and even anally so give me a try. I like real dirty talk. Don't delay. Julie, P., Los Angeles, CA.

LONELY

My husband left me for a 19 year-old slut last year and I want to get back at him badly by having sex with as many men as I can. That means you! I'm a very attractive woman in her mid 40s with dark hair. I'm half Latin and half German so I have a great, exotic look. My body is very good for a woman with two kids. Still an hourglass figure. Long legs, and tight buns (I work out regularly). I haven't had a lot of sexual experience but I'm open (wide open). Please send a nice intro letter first. Maria, Houston, TX

MEN

YOUNG MAN WANTS MOM

OK, so I'm only 18 but I love older chicks. I had this thing for my best friend's mom forever. She's so f**king hot! She wears those black seam stockings and tight ass dresses and just drives me wild. I want a woman like that with big tits and a big ass. No young cheerleader bitches. Just mature sex-starved women who want a young stud to f** them all night long. I can do it. I also eat pussy. Send your letter to: Bud, Portland, OR.

HANDSOME STUD SICK OF POSERS

I'm sick and tired of chicks who want nothing but guys with money. I want an older MILF or cougar who will be thankful when I do her all night long. Don't ask me about how much fucking money I make, just as me how big my dick is or how long is my tongue because that's what I'm going to use on you. And you better thank me once I cum in your mouth. Billy, Tacoma, WA.

NEW YORKER

Yo, old bitches. I don't care how old you are – 30, 40, 50, even 60. I'll do any woman who puts out. But you gotta do whatever I tell you to do, OK? So be prepared if it's really weird shit. Don't write to me if you don't want to do really crazy stuff and sex that you only read about in magazines like this. I'm the real deal. I have had se with at least 500 babes here in Brooklyn alone and that's not even counting Manhattan. I go to clubs there and find women your age all the time. So why am I writing to this magazine? Because I want more, OK? I'm handsome and work in law enforcement. Tell me how you look. No ugly chicks. If you're over 50 you better be in good shape. No saggy tits or asses. Mario, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, NY.

NEEDS EXPERIENCE

I need an experienced woman to teach me about sex. I've only experienced kissing. Once I put my finger in a girl's hole but that's it. I need a woman who knows how to teach a young guy. Can you help me? I jerk off tow or three times a day and always think of my teachers and female boss (who are older) so please make sure you're like the women in this magazine. Oh, and I like those big white panties and big white bras for you to wear.

Clive, Chicago, IL.

WANT TO MEET THE PERSON OF YOUR SEXUAL DREAMS FOR HOT, DISCREET CORRESPONDENCE? HERE'S HOW...

Please read carefully. You must follow this outline exactly or your ad WILL NOT be accepted. Please submit your ad to the address below. We reserve the right to edit the ads for length and content. And you MUST submit a P.O. Box number or street address, and include the title of this magazine. No letters will be forwarded. OK, so send your ad along with A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE, TO: 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. Once we receive your ad we will then attach it along with a CONSENT FORM and mail it back to you in the envelope you'd provided. THE ADDRESS ON YOUR EN-VELOPE MUST MATCH THE ADDRESS IN YOUR PERSONAL AD. When you receive your ad and attached CONSENT FORM you must sign the form and return it to us along with your attached ad and magazine title to the above address. No ads will be accepted or published without the signed CONSENT FORM. WE WILL RUN ADS THAT COMPLY FULLY - GUARAN-TEED. We will not accept ads from prisoners due to prison authority prohibitions. PLEASE ALLOW UP TO SIX MONTHS FOR YOUR AD TO APPEAR. 02937

HIS TOUCH OPENED UP A WORLD I HAD NEVER KNOWN. I'VE WAITED FIVE DECADES TO LOSE MY VIRGINITY AND NOW I'M FUCKING LIKE A COLLEGE GIRL. I HAVE TO MAKE UP FOR A LOT OF LOST TIME.



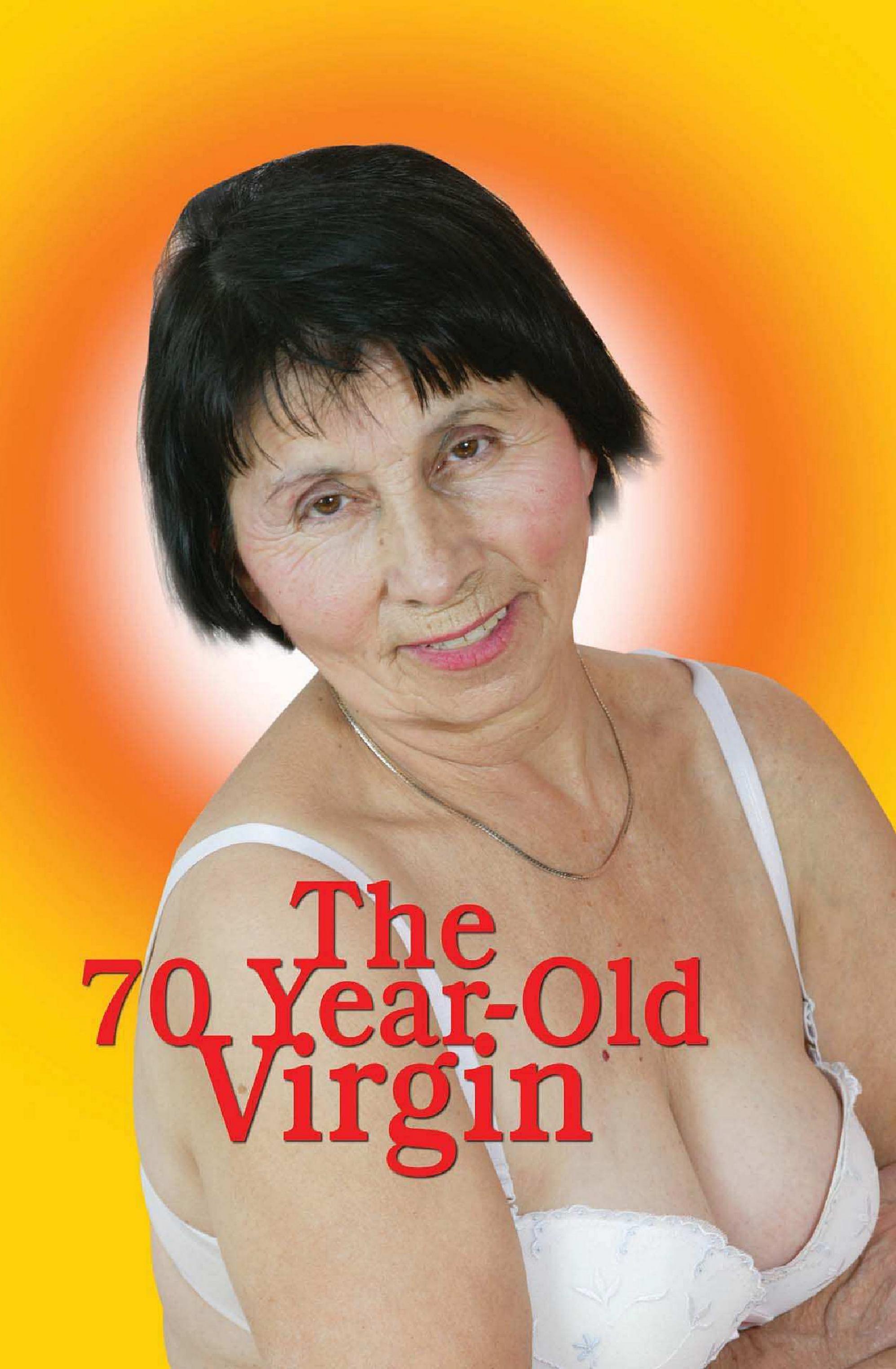
Hi I'm Shari.

I'm seventy years old and have lived in Alaska all my life. I work part time at the local bakery so I'm able to take care of my mother who suffers from Alzheimer's disease. I work the morning shift and get of at 3pm after the lunch crowed clears. I go home immediately after work everyday to care for her. My father left us when I was 10, so she's been my responsibility for the last 55 years due to her health problems. Needless to say I did not go to college and even had to leave high college during my junior year. I had a boyfriend my freshman year in high college but we were too young to do anything. I have not dated or gone out with anyone because my mom is a full time responsibility. I'm still pretty young looking for my age. The cold up here helps keep the skin from aging. I don't smoke or drink, so that helps too. And to be perfectly honest with you, I've masturbated quite a bit in my life because I did

not want cobwebs growing down there. Sometimes it was the only release or only entertainment I had in the evenings after putting my mother to bed.

Last month my mom passed away and I've been busy taking care of her estate. My neighbor Ann, who is 56 years old and still single herself, has come over to console me and help me out around the house. In conversation I mentioned to her that I've been feeling empty and lonely since my mom passed. After dedicating my life to just my mom and no one else, how would I go on? I told Ann that I had not been on a date in my whole life. In fact I was still a virgin. I watched as Ann's mouth fell open. "What!" she screamed. "Holy shit," she said. "We've gotta get you out." I reluctantly said ok. Ann went on and on about how I would need a make over and a few pieces of new clothing. She felt it would help my self-esteem. The following week, Ann made a hair appointment for me at her salon. I nervously sat as the stylist cut my long hair in to a shag style. She thought it would suit my face better. The stylist suggested I should dye my hair dark to hide all the gray and I reluctantly agreed. I knew it would take some getting used to. I was actually beginning to like what I was seeing. I left the salon to meet Ann at the local coffee shop in town. She didn't even recognize me at first. How she screamed with excitement when she saw me! I fed off of Ann's energy. We both were laughing and smiling at the wonderful job the stylist has done. My hair felt and looked great, and so did I.

After we left the coffee shop, we went into town to shop for new clothes. Ann knew I was on a budget, so we hit a couple of the less expensive stores. Ann was so patient and helpful with me as I tried on some clothes. After a couple hours of shopping I ended up with a new pair of jeans, few tops and a dress. I felt so happy to have her as a friend. The next day at the bakery, all of my co-workers were thrilled to see me with my new hairstyle. They all agreed that I looked twenty years younger, and I began to feel that way. I felt like a new person. When I got home, there was a message from Ann on the machine. She called to invite me to her company's picnic this weekend. I called Ann to let her know that I would love to attend. She had never invited me anywhere before. I was glad to be thought of anyway.

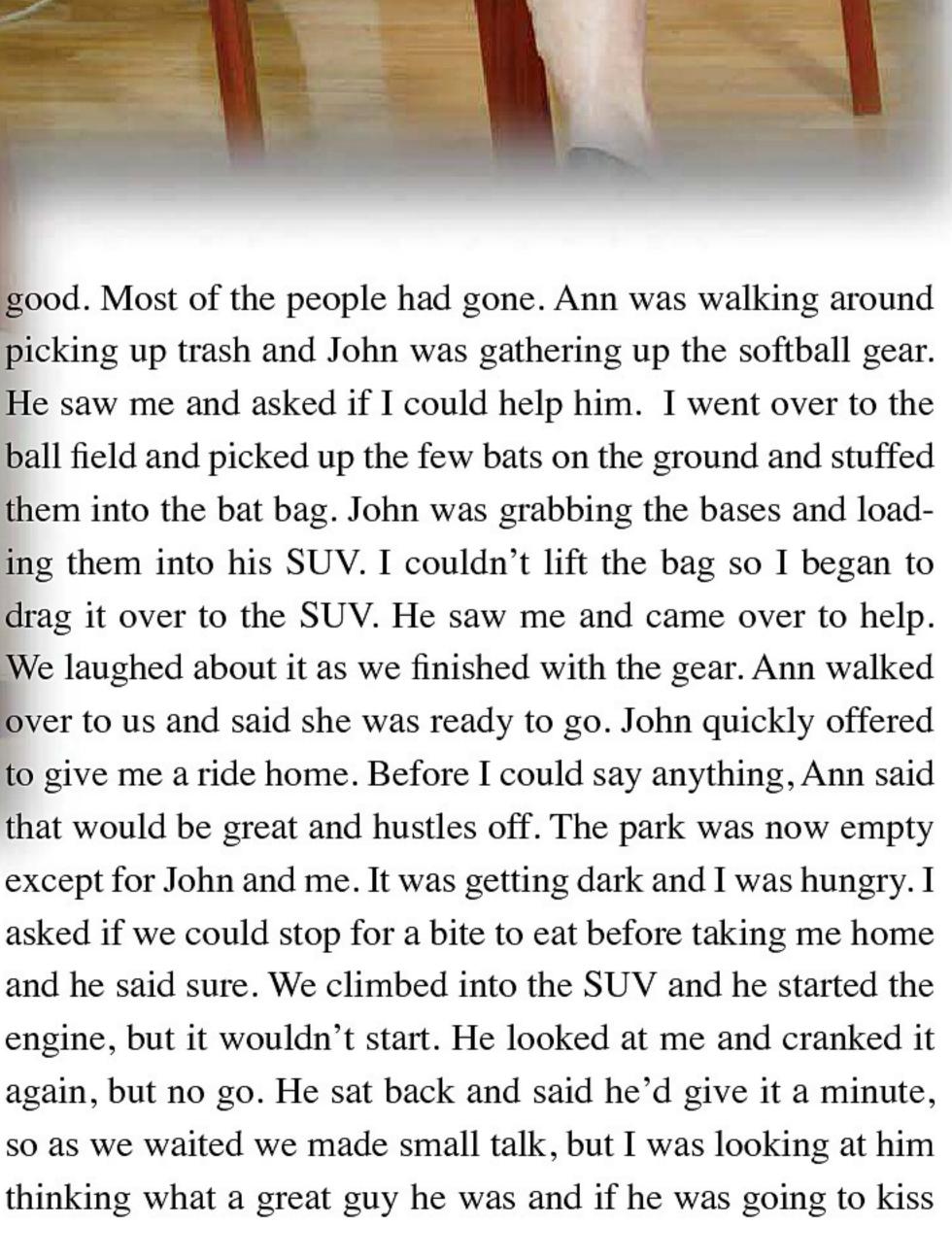


Ann came to pick me up on the day of the picnic. I felt great in my new jeans and plaid wool shirt. Ann wore jeans too with a bright red sweat shirt over her tee. As she was driving I couldn't help myself from staring at her long legs. She was in such a good mood. As she talked, she'd touch her hair and tapped her thighs to the music. I felt I could learn something by watching her. At the picnic, Ann introduced me to everyone she knew. One person stood out to me the most. His name was John. He was in charge of getting the baseball game together. I'd never played baseball before. Before I could say no, Ann had already signed us up. As the day went on, Ann never left my side. She made me feel so special. I guess she knew I would be uncomfortable without her. At 2 o'clock the ball game would begin. I was starting to get nervous.

When it was my turn to bat, John could see how awkward I was holding the bat. He stood behind me to demonstrate

the right way to hold it. He was much taller than me. I could feel his firm body against my back and his strong arms around me. After a moment he backed away and the ball was pitched and by some stroke of luck I hit – right back to the pitcher who threw me out. As I jogged back to the bench I passed John and he high fived me. That was cool. The game finally ended and

we won. I did contribute a little bit; I got a hit and scored a run. It felt great. I hadn't had this much fun in – well 50 plus years. Ann saw that I was more comfortable and social as the day worn on and she didn't have to baby-sit me. As the picnic day ended, I had had a few drinks and was feeling pretty



me. He tried to start it again and it just wouldn't star, so he picked up the cell phone and called AAA, apologizing that he was not very mechanically inclined. I laughed and said I wasn't either. The mechanic said it would be twenty minutes to half an hour before he could get there, John said no problem

but thought I was in very good spirits about it. I thanked him, and blurted out that I hadn't dated during that time. I asked about him and he said that he had been divorced for almost ten years; had a couple kids that had grown up and left town but he liked it here and decided to stay. He looked over at

me and said he was glad he did. I blushed. He paused the conversation and leaned over to kiss me. I was surprised but did not back away. I met his lips and the fire erupted within me, but I held back. He briefly backed away but I reached behind his head and pulled him back. Our lips played for a bit before tongues began to lick each other's lips. Then they were thrust deep into mouths and the passion grew.

We backed off and looked at each other. He reached over and touched my neck and let his hand drift between my breasts. He undid a button and then another. I grabbed his hand and he stopped, But I wanted him to touch me. I pulled it into my breast beneath my bra and offered my nipple to him. He gently squeezed it and I let out a yelp that had been harbored for decades. I heard myself and laughed when I realized how loud I was. Inside my shirt, he switched hands so he was holding mine and pulled it to him. He lowered it to his crotch and I felt his manhood under the tight jeans. I didn't know quite what to do or what to think. My mind was racing and I was thinking about the AAA guy coming. John broke my silence saying that he could show me how to hold his cock like he \showed me how to hold a bat. I gave a nervous laugh and

said okay. He smiles and pulled down his zipper and pulled out his bulging cock.

I had never seen a cock this close before. I couldn't even remember when the last time I had aver seen one. It was marvelous. Tall and erect with a glistening head that beckoned



and hung up. We settled back and for the wait.

After a few sentences the conversation stared getting personal. He asked if I had ever been married. I said no, that I had been taking care of my mom for a long time and she had passed a couple months ago. He said he was sorry to hear that,

my fingers to touch it. John let go of my hand and I reached over to it. I was surprised by the softness of the skin and the firmness underneath it. I swirled my finger around the tip as he groaned softly. I grasped the shaft and he groaned louder. He took my wrist and moved my hand up and down, letting

his kiss as I continued pumping his cock and rubbing his balls. Out tongues were missiles of passion as my pumping became more furious. He began to moan louder with his mouth still on mine. I was beginning to get a little scared. I had never been around a man who was in the throes of cumming. He pushed my head down as he pulled my hand away. I tried to resist but found myself zeroing in on the head and engulfed it with my mouth. Instantly I felt a warm gush fill me and I was shocked by it's velocity and force. He kept my head there as he kept spurting and spurting. The cum started oozing out the side of my mouth and he ordered me to swallow it. I tried not to gag as I tried to swallow with his dick still in my mouth. I finally did and he eased his hand off my head.

I straightened up and tried to compose myself. He said that was great and he could not believe I had not done that before. I was quiet and began to retreat into myself. Feelings of guilt,

go after a few strokes and he beckoned me to continue. By now I was leaning over the console and was pumping his rod with a rhythm that he seemed to approve of. He asked if I had ever licked one before. I looked up at him and giggled saying I had never touched one let alone lick one. He asked if I would and before he could finish I had my mouth around the head tasting him and licking like a kid on their first lollipop. The sweet smell of sweat and his manly musk intoxicated me even more.

I found that I was sucking him hard and bobbing my head up and down his shaft trying to get in as much as I could. I looked up and he had thrown his head back and was gripping the steering wheel as if he was holding on for dear life. I searched for his balls over the fabric and found them pinned to his inner thigh under the jeans. I rubbed them and his dick seemed to get even bigger. He grabbed my hair at the back of my neck and pulled my head up to his. He pulled my head into

questioning myself and fear began to overtake me. I tried to straighten up my clothes as he put himself back in his pants. Just as I began to say something a pair of headlights pierced the darkness heading towards us. I composed myself and settled back in my seat. He exited the door to meet the mechanic. They mumbled some things to each other and the hood came

up. Within a few minutes I heard the hood slam and John got back in the truck. He looked at me and asked if I was all right. I whispered I was okay as he put the gearshift into drive. As we pulled out he asked if I would still like to get a bite to eat, or if I was full. I smiled and he laughed. I got the joke

felt like a woman who just pleased a man because I wanted to. And you know what – it's now my turn and he's going to please me. Yes John. Let's go, I think I'm getting hungrier.

We had dinner and great conversation. I admitted that I was

a septuagenarian to John and he loved it. He complimented me on my looks and the firmness of my body. I giggled and told him I felt like a collegegirl sometimes and was ready to make the most of my newly found freedom. Well, that was all the prompting he needed. He came closer on the sofa, and we began to make out like college kids. I rubbed his cock again over his pants and he arched up to meet my touch. That was all it took, Our clothes were off within a minute and we were going at it like rabbits on the floor. We started out in a great sixty-nine position with me on top so I could take his cock deeper into my mouth. I pushed my pussy into his face and I could feel his hot breaths adding to the passion down there. I moved my hips back and forth, grinding my pussy into his face as if I was going to rub his moustache off.

After a while we stopped to catch our breath and he laid me back on the sofa and got on top of me. I had my legs tight together and he gently pried them apart. I felt his cock head probing for my opening and it found it. I grabbed his hips on either side to control them because I did not want him to just trust it into me. When he settled down a little, I slid my hands to his butt cheeks and pulled them into me. His cock

found it's mark and pushed it. At first my pussy resisted, but after a few deft strokes it welcome him with a wetness I have never felt. I wrapped my legs around his waist and laid back to let him do the work. I waited more than fifty years for this and I was going to enjoy it. I came quickly but told him to stay inside me and we lay there for hours. It was worth the wait!



and laughed too. In the minutes I was waited while they were working on the truck, I reflected on our last half hour and told myself it was okay. I actually liked it and found it quite erotic. I felt my pussy get wet and had feelings aroused down there that I had never felt before. It wasn't like two teenagers who were parked and making out trying to find their sexuality. I

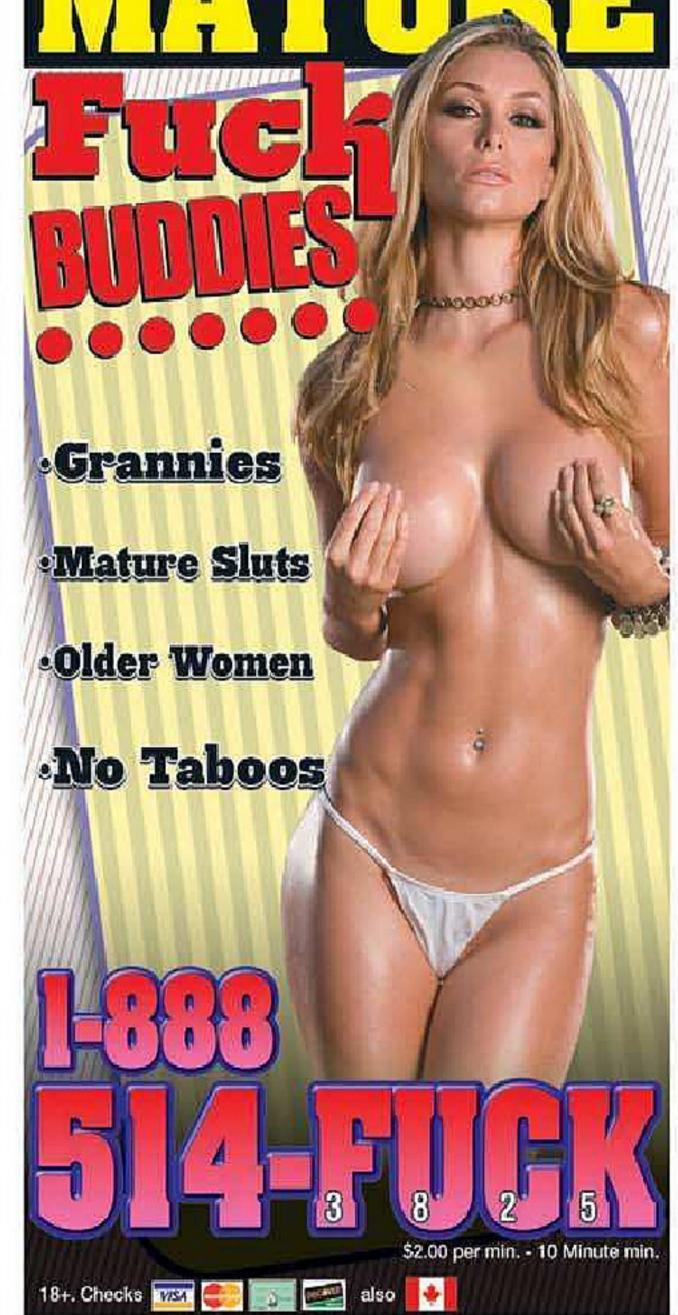


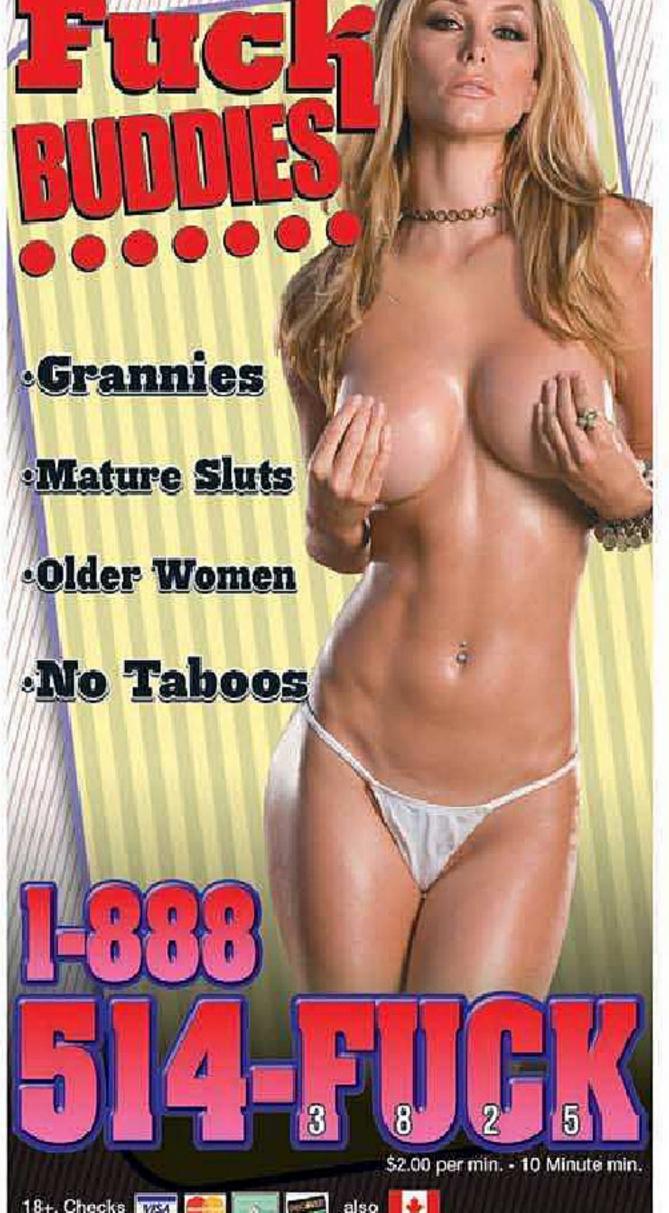




Nothing beats

Group Sex









XXX ADULT STORE

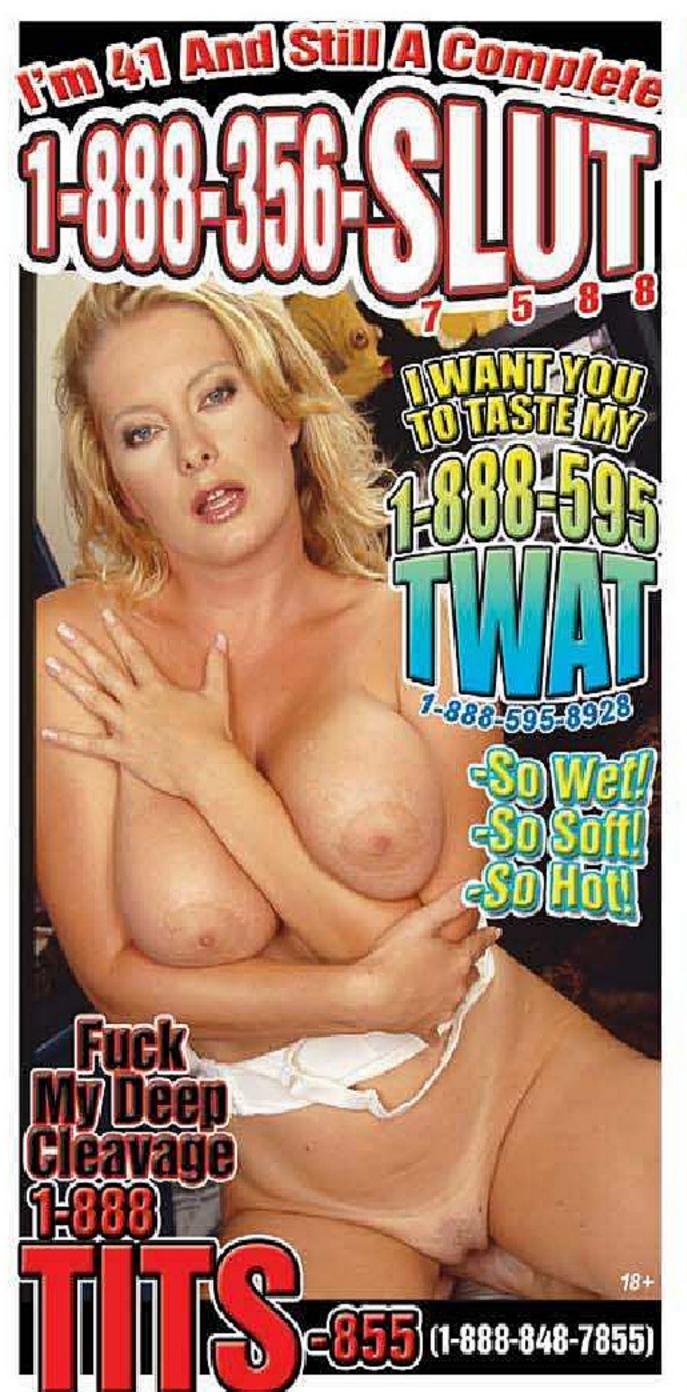
NEW RELEASES XXX ADULT VIDEOS, DVD'S SEX TOYS, NOVELTIES VIDEO-ON-DEMAND

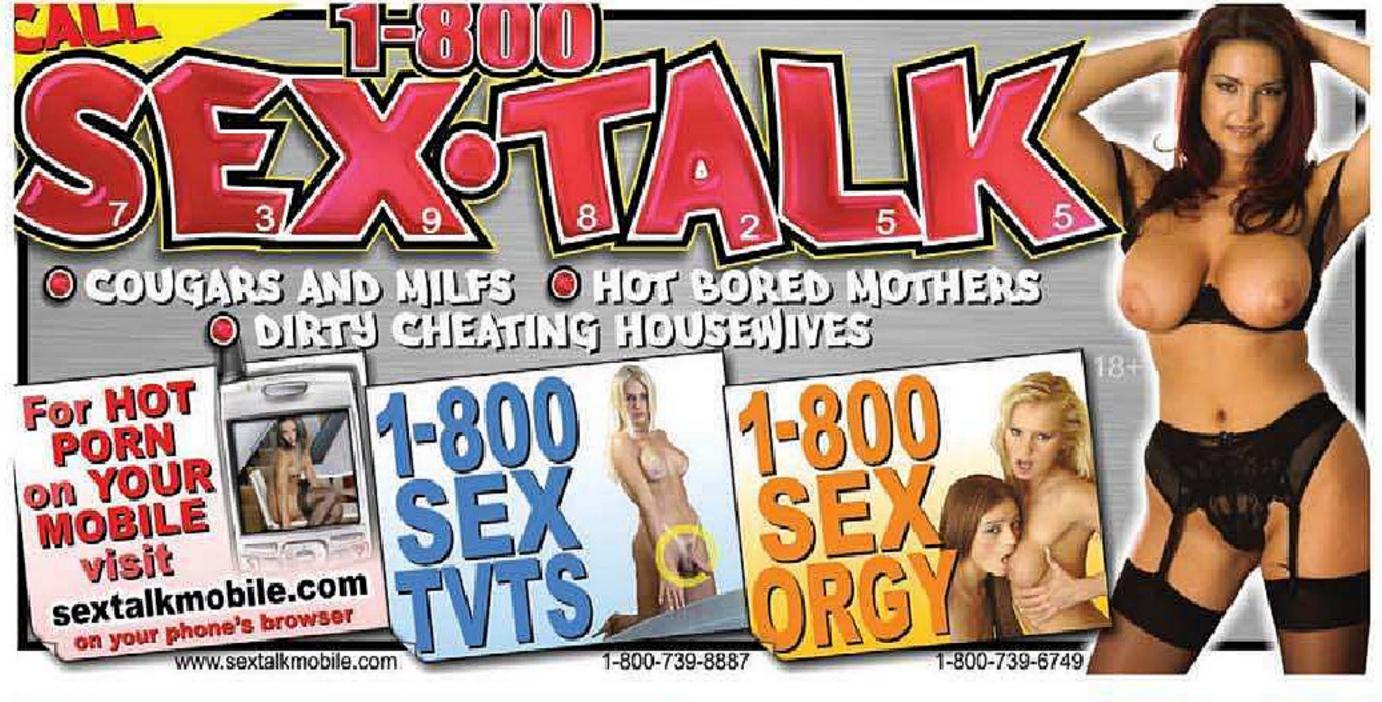
SHOPXTC.com

OVER 20,000 ITEMS

BEST PRICES ON THE NET! CHECK US OUT!

















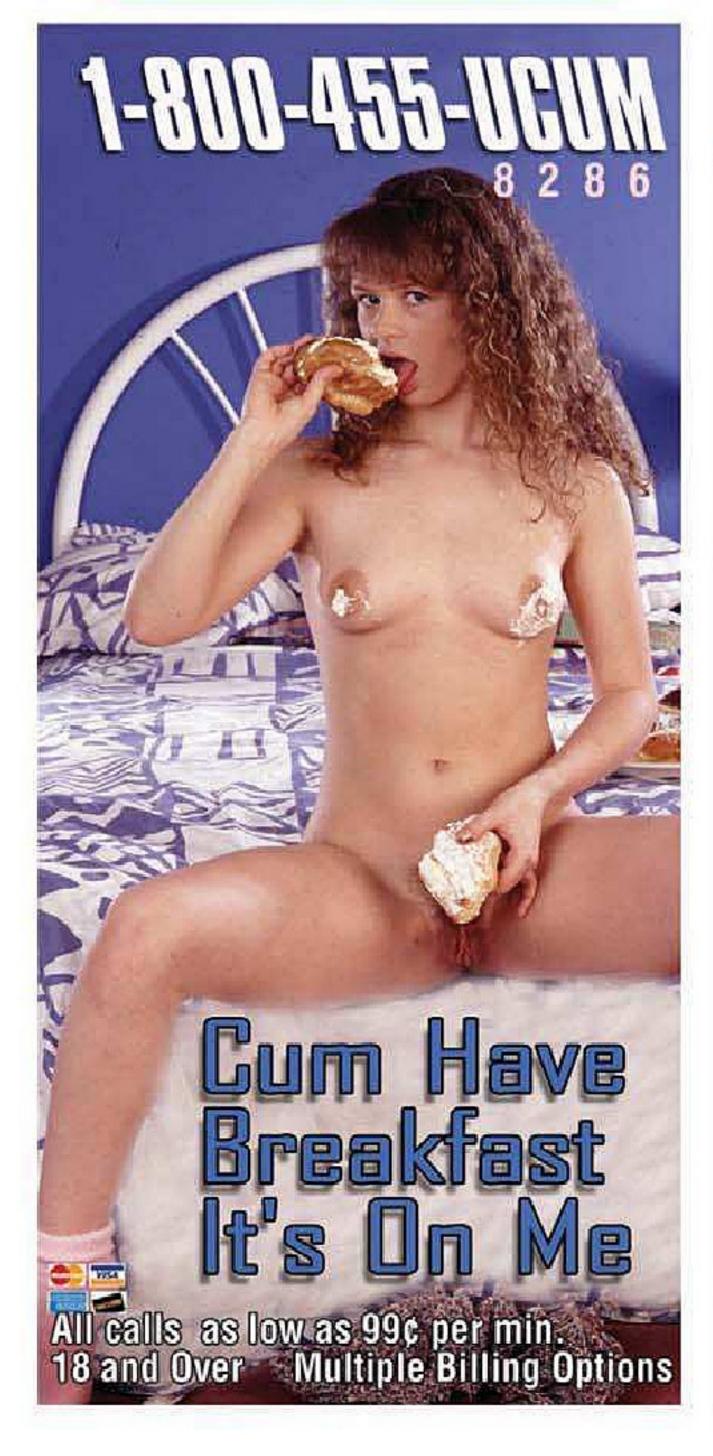




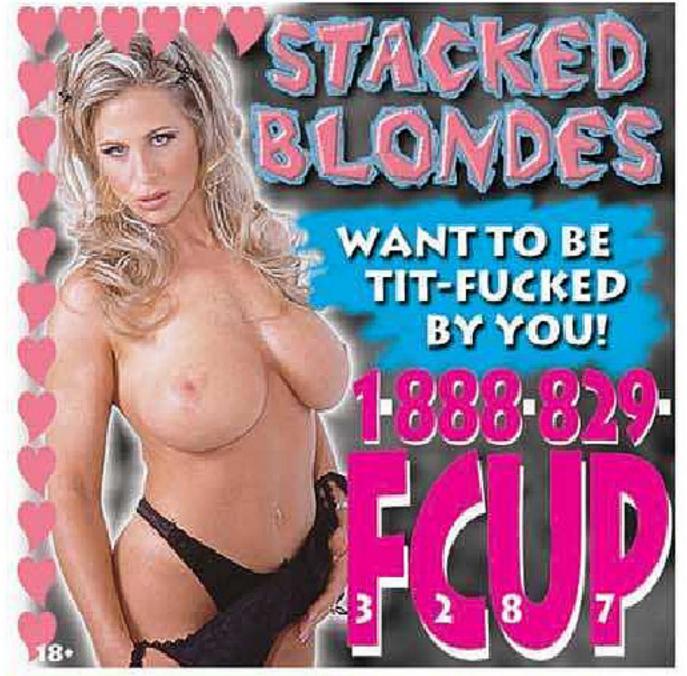




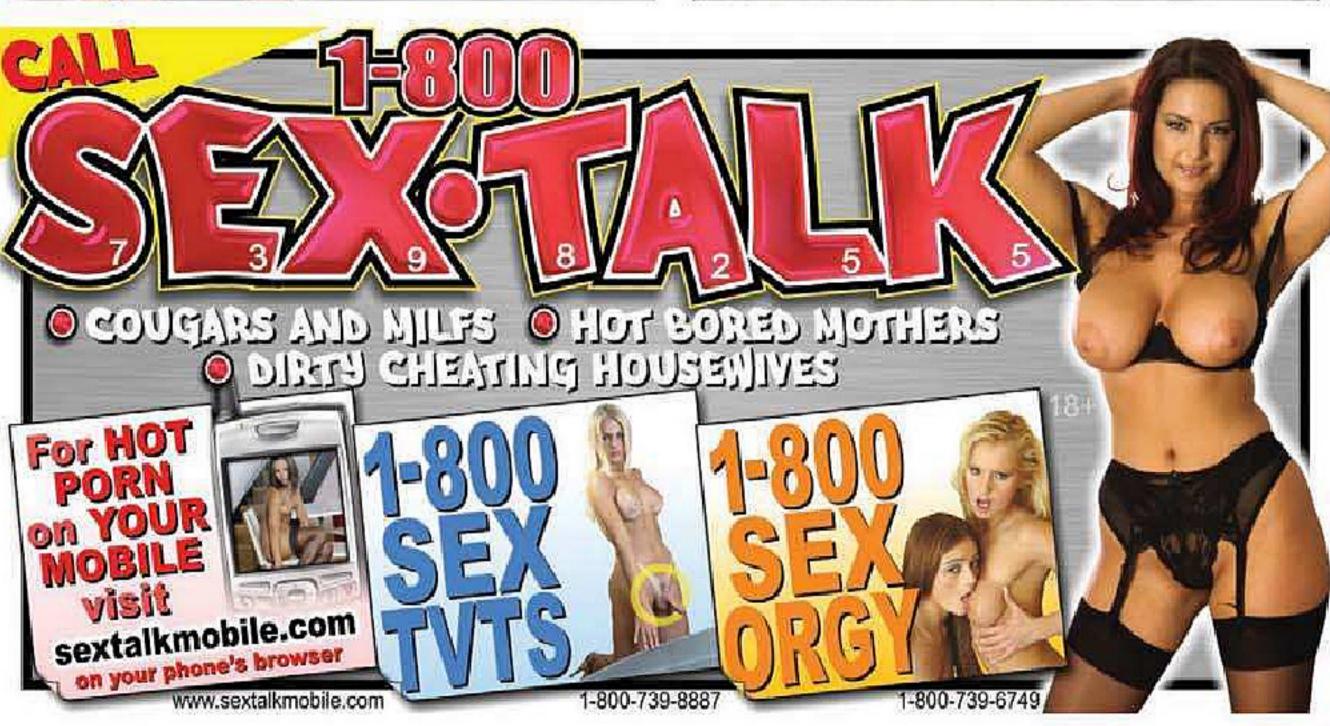














NEW TALENT MODEL SEARCH

to feature in

30+, 40+ and 50+ Magazines

Send sample picture(s) and proof of age to:

BLAIR PUBLISHING, INC. 9030 West Sahara Avenue, #422, Las Vegas, NV 89117

fifty-plus-modelsearch@hotmail.com or forty-plus-modelsearch@hotmail.com

No previous modeling experience necessary







DVDs - VIDEOS - PHOTOS Over 40 HOT SLUT offers her 60 personal DVDs, Videos, Photos & personal items.



\$5.00 Catalog & Photo Set \$25.00 VHS Preview Tape \$10.00 Sample DVD SASE For Free Video list & DVD info Cash, Check or Money Order and state over 21

Jamie R. G. #R-374 28 E. Jackson, Suite 1020-F Chicago, IL 60604













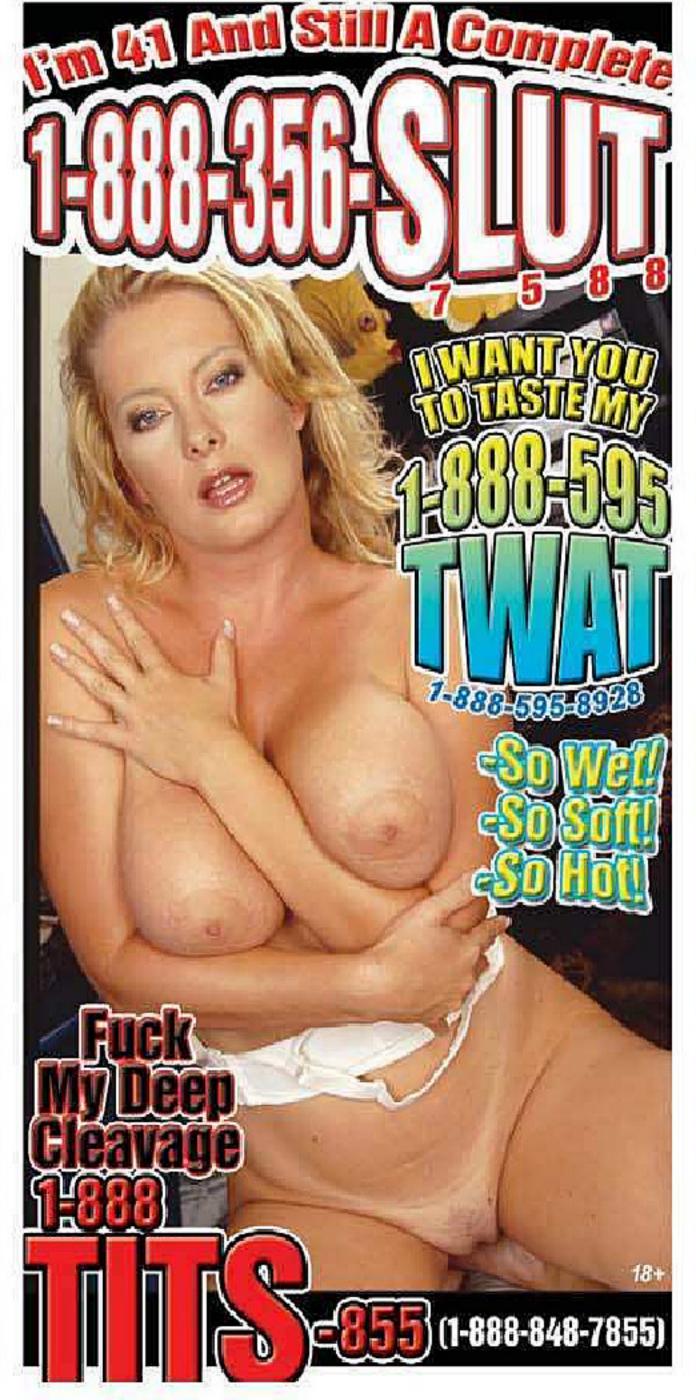




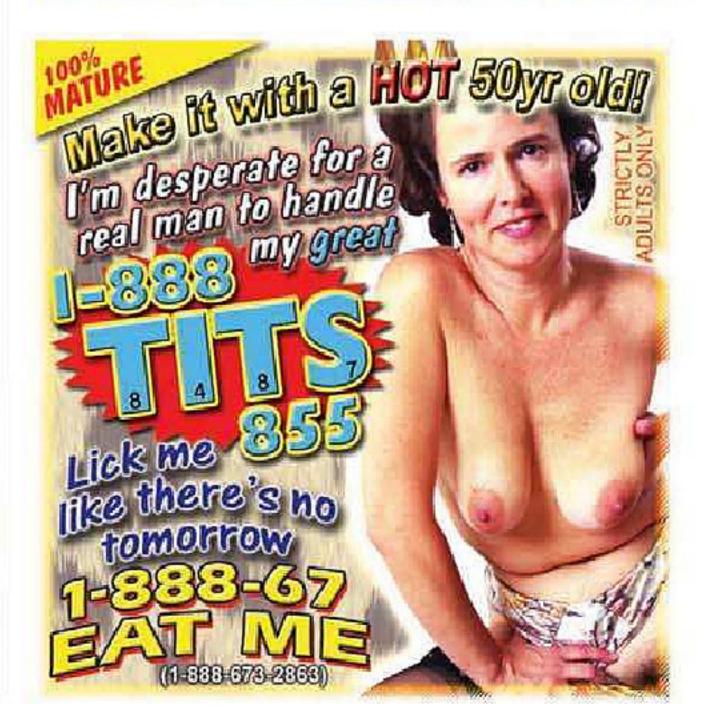




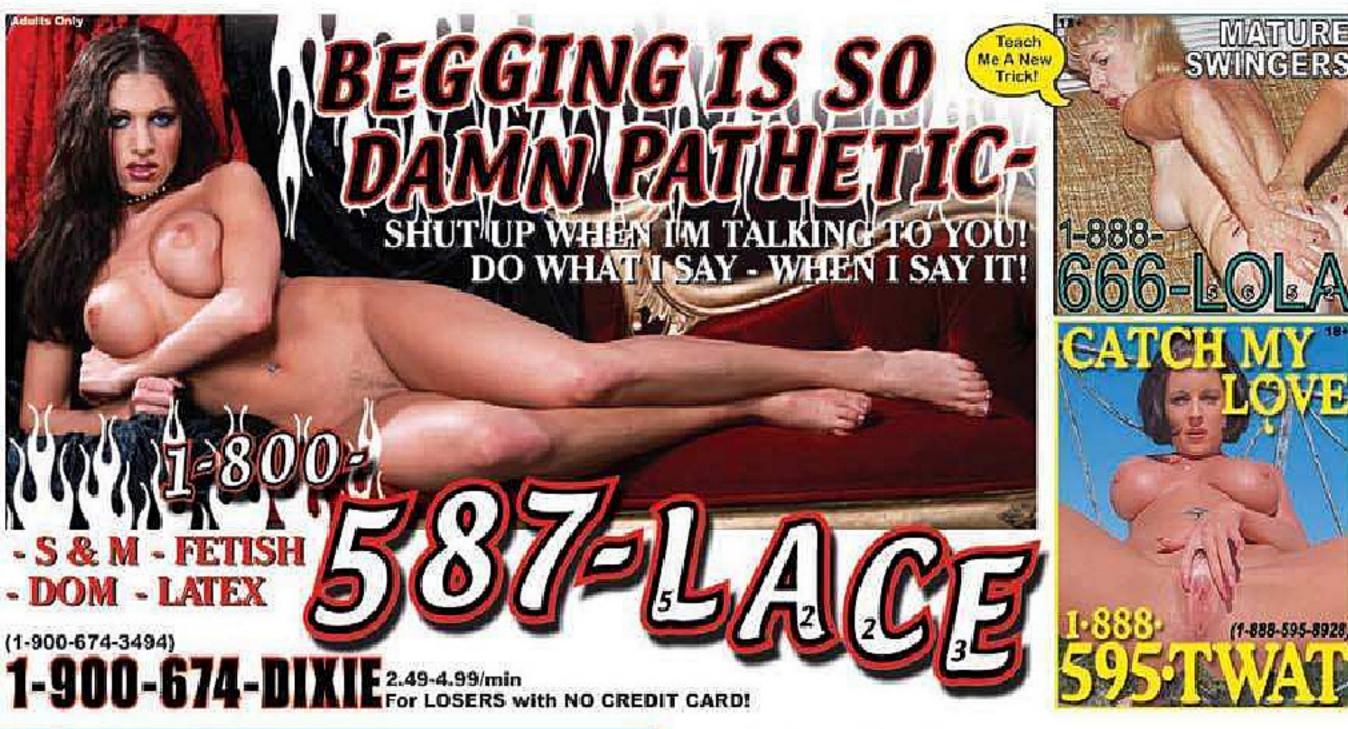




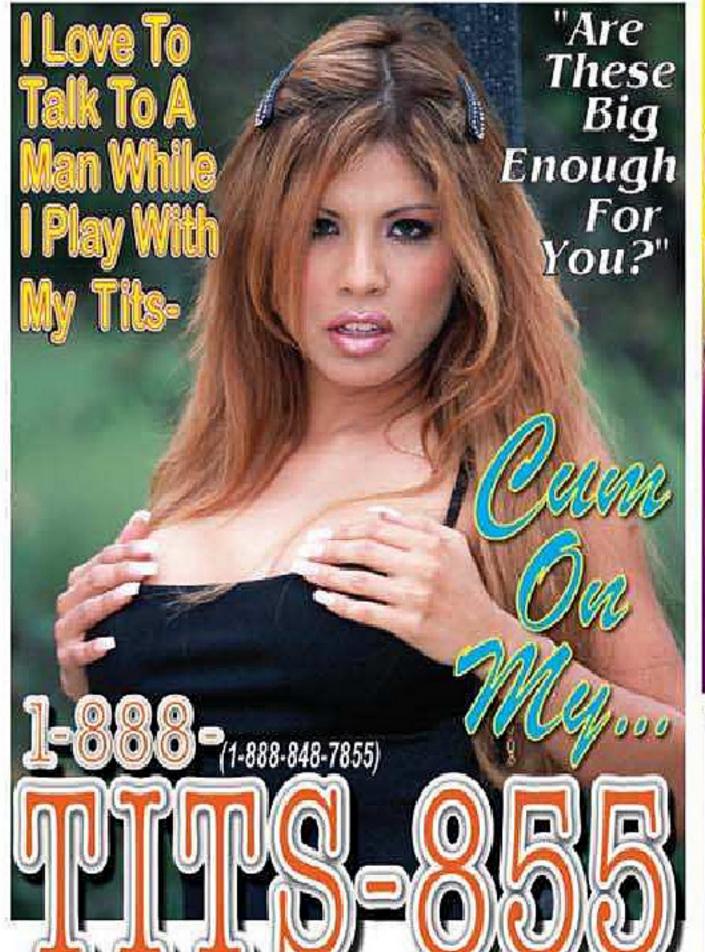






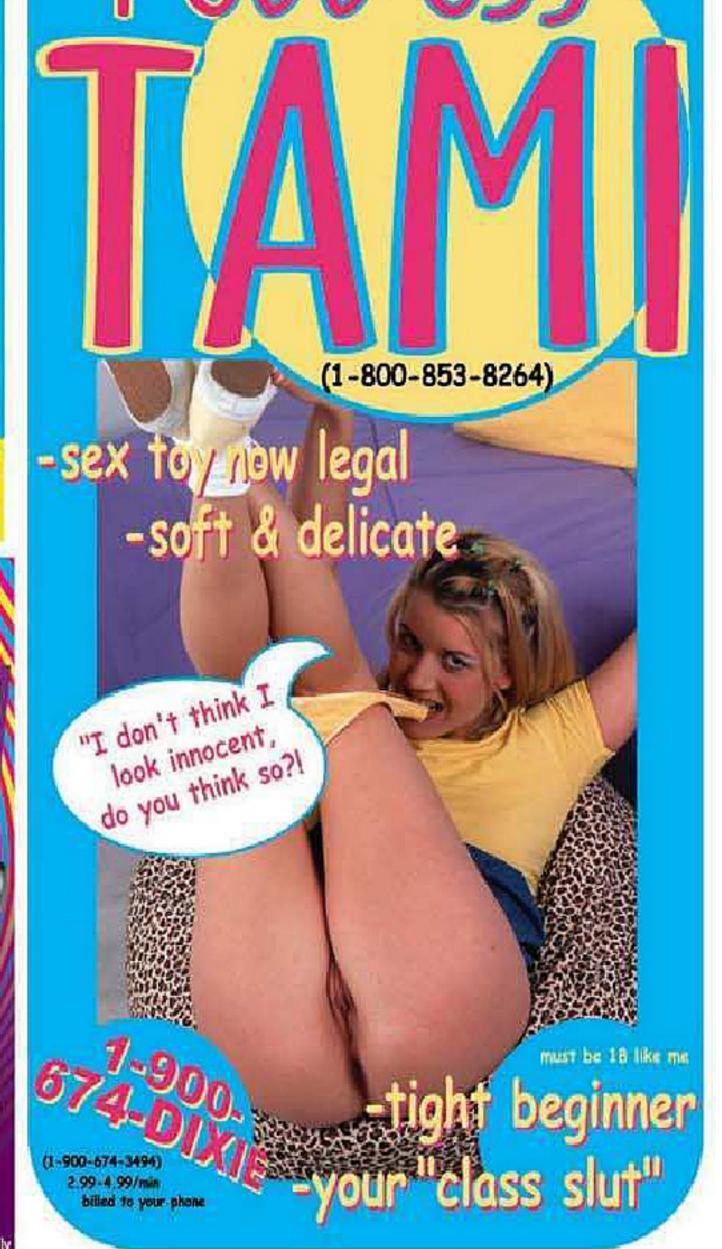






















Dr Sabrina returns with more words for you

Dear Dr. Sabrina,

I just wanted to write you and tell you how you helped me. I was having problems getting an erection and my doctor said I was in no shape to use any pills to make me hard. I had separated several years ago with my wife so I've been on my own for a while. Finding sex for an older man is not that easy. I don't go out to clubs or have any social events that I can attend to meet women. I've tried all sorts of stimulation and manipulation, like penis pumps and artificial vaginas, and they work for a minute but I cannot sustain my erection. You suggested to another reader to try a sexual surrogate, but I was not married so I tried the next best thing. I took a trip to a legal brothel to seek help. I did not want to find a woman through the sex ads in the local alternative newspapers, and for sure I was not going to do a hooker on the street. I decided to keep it all legit and went to Nevada.

I stayed for a few days in Las Vegas to muster up the courage. I went to a couple strip clubs to get me in the mood and by the third day I thought I was ready to head up north and try it. I got my rental car and drove to the brothel and sat in the car for few minutes. When I saw some guys pull up and go right in, that was enough for me. I went in and saw the reception room. My eyes adjusted to the darkness and I saw a bevy of women in front of me. After the typical formalities, I selected a small woman with big tits and a nice smile. Her name was Naomi and we sat and talked for a while, I did not want to tell her why I was there, that my buddies had done this and I should give it a try. We went back to one of the rooms and she asked me to clean up, which I did, I came back to the bed and she was already on it in a small pink teddy. As

Dr. Sabrina has some wise words for our readers. She tries to make sense of love, sex and what women want from their men.

If you have questions about the opposite sex, then Dr. Sabrina has the answer.

Read on!



soon as I saw her, my pole erected and I dropped my towel as I sat on the edge of the bed. She crawled over to me and started rubbing my shoulders. I thought to myself how all these years I had to be the instigator for sex. That was so uncomfortable for me and, who knows, make be a partial cause to my problem.

As soon as she pulled me down on my back and exposed my cock, I went soft. She didn't say anything and moved around to the side and began to kiss and suck on my nipples with her hand

sliding down to my penis. I closed my eyes and tried to fantasize about what was happening until I realized I was in my fantasy. I opened my eyes to see her head disappear into my crotch and felt her mouth on my turgid cock. Her lips completely surrounded it and she went all the way down to the base sucking and pulling as she came up. She repeated this, changing the pressure with each bob of her head.

I felt her tongue searching for the slit in my dick's head and when she found it she flicked her tongue as if trying to open it up. This was really great and I felt my penis starting to respond. I felt the blood rushing to the head and the shaft and after several more pumps with her mouth I was hard!. I couldn't believe it. Now she stared going down on it with a great sense of accomplishment. She had taken a flaccid dick and sucked it into attention. And she wasn't going to let it down. Her hands moved to my balls and she stared pulling on the ball sac. I had never felt this before either. She gently used her nails to heighten my pleasure and I finally came. She finished me off with a few hard strokes and I squirted halfway up my chest. I couldn't believe what had happened and I broke out into a relieved laugh and couldn't stop smiling the rest of the day.

I hope you'll print my letter for those other men who might find it helpful.

- T. S., Arizona

I'm sure your letter will do good for many men. I find a very straightforward person here who confronted his problem, thought about it, and went to seek help. Although it was in a cathouse, the final result is what's important. — Dr. S.



*This sizzling hot DVD can be yours for only the price of shipping & handling!

☐ Yes! I want my FREE DVD!	NAME (print)	
Enclosed you will find the		☐ I am 18 years or older
shipping & handling charge:		
□ U.S. & CANADA - \$2.00	CITY	
☐ FOREIGN - \$3.00	STATE ZIP CODE	
Submit to: Blair Publishing, Inc.	COUNTRY	
9030 W. Sahara Avenue, #422	POSTAL CODE	
	> PLEASE MAKE PAYABLE IN U.S FUNDS ONLY	

